

messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 38 – Number 3

July 2020

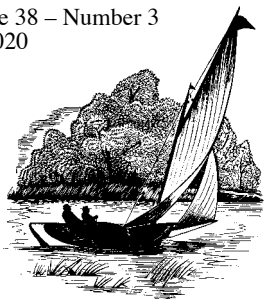
In This Issue...
Loss of the Cutter *Morris* – Wind Power
The Riddle Re-enacted – *Tidings*' Great Adventure
Wood Duck – *Morning Sun*
BMC Packet Boat Project – Harbinger Catboat
The Building of *Helge* - 18' Beach Cruiser Alaska
Frame Up - *Newfoundlander* Part 3



messing about in **BOATS**

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 38 – Number 3
July 2020



US subscription price is \$40 for one year, Canadian / overseas subscription prices are available upon request

Address is 29 Burley St
Wenham, MA 01984-1043
Telephone is 978-774-0906

There is no machine

Editor and Publisher: Bob Hicks
Magazine production: Roberta Freeman
For subscription or circulation inquiries or problems, contact:

Jane Hicks at
maib.office@gmail.com

In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 3 Harkening Back With Harvey
- 4 MA Covoid Memorandum
- 6 You write to us about...
- 7 Book Review: *PowerShips*
- 8 Loss of Cutter *Morris* in the Key West Hurricane of 1846
- 9 Wind Power
- 15 *Dinghy Cruising*: The Riddle Re-enacted
- 20 *Tidings'* Great Adventure:
Season 2 – Part 3
- 22 The View from AlmostCanada
- 25 An Anchoring Adventure Tale
- 26 Meandering the Texas Coast
- 28 Canoe Sailor
- 30 Over the Horizon
- 32 *Wood Duck*
- 35 *Morning Sun*
- 36 BMC Packet Boat Project
- 37 Harbinger Catboat Finishing Begins
- 38 The Building of *Helge*: Part 11
- 41 From the Tiki Hut
- 42 25 Years Ago in *MAIB*: 18' Beach Cruiser "ALASKA"
- 46 Frame Up
- 48 Phil Bolger & Friends on Design:
Newfoundlander: Part 3
- 52 An Idea Ahead of Its Time?
- 53 From the Lee Rail
- 54 Trade Directory
- 58 Classified Marketplace
- 59 Shiver Me Timbers

2 – *Messing About in Boats*, July 2020



Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

First, the big picture... What? Again? Yep, the ongoing Covid 19 panic still engulfs us with death and economic disruption as I write this on June 1. The numbers infected by the virus have grown larger (100 thousand dead, 1.7 million tested positive as of end of May). Despite these apparently huge numbers directly impacted by the pandemic, they are but a tiny part of the nation's population. The indirect impact of 40 million plus jobs lost and uncounted businesses large and small closed or severely disrupted by the "lockdown" have adversely affected the major population far more. With all this major disruption in our lives why are we still carrying on in some way with messing about in boats?

Well, while many of the 40 million citizens out of work too often have nothing to do with all their sudden time off, our tiny portion of the 330 million US citizens does, it appears, have something to do, mess about with their boats. A major impact of the "social distancing" imposed on everyone has shut down all group activities from major leagues to school sports to local gatherings of friends and even families. Since those of us who mess about in boats often do so alone or with a friend or two, we can carry on whether in our shops or, now that the on the water season has opened up, out on the water, again alone or with a friend or two.

Sadly, most familiar annual small boat gatherings seem to be cancelled, I just got word as I write this that the John Gardner 50th Anniversary Small Craft Workshop at Mystic Seaport June 26-28 has been cancelled despite earlier hopes to go through with it. From organizer Bill Rutherford:

"I wanted you to be the first to know the summation of responses from our Board regarding our decision not to hold the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop this year. It was a difficult decision but we think it is best to be cautious with this late spring event. The consensus was to respect the many decisions individuals make on whether or not to travel, mingle and get active in boating group activities. Combined with the tight timing of Phase III here in Connecticut (June 20 is only five days before our planned event), limits on out of state travelers (14 day self quarantines recommended) and the declining but still high hospitalization rate (481 people as of May 31 compared to the Governor's goal of less than 100 before opening Phase III), it is most wise to not hold the Workshop this year."

On the Cover...

We have a very early photograph of Matthew Turner's first build (1853) schooner heading home with a load of lumber from Mendocino County, California, to San Francisco in the 1850s. A wonderful story ("Wind Power") of this pioneer in West Coast shipbuilding and trans Pacific shipping going back 150 years starts on page 9, courtesy of Turner's descendants, the Hunt family, its author Ben Marks and the magazine *Collector's Weekly* in which it first appeared.

I've heard no numbers yet (aside from one builder who has sold three dories already) on how the lockdown has affected sales and servicing of small boats but in the bicycle trade (of which I am aware due to my ongoing cycling ashore), bicycles are flying out the doors of the shops and department stores (curbside delivery) since one can still go out and ride a bike without violating the social distancing thing. And some of that federal \$600 weekly top up of state unemployment benefits to all those 40 million out of work is getting spent on things to do while hanging around at home.

The main issue facing getting on with our on the water season is gaining access to the water. Again it is the gathering of too many people that limits this, rather than the act of actually getting afloat and heading out away from others (well, surely 6' away at least). Typically, the government bureaucrats who control our group activities have sallied forth with detailed instructions (lotsa fine print) for how we must behave if we do decide to go boating. On pages 4 and 5 I have reprinted scanned copies of the two pages the Commonwealth of Massachusetts (better known here as "Taxachusetts") rules governing how we have to go about this. Probably most other states with water access issues have issued something similar. Enjoy.

I carefully perused it all and determined that I will have no trouble this year paddling and rowing with several friends, even perhaps with small groups rowing from time to time from private launching sites. Difficulties increase if access to a ramp is required, with an elaborate behavior dance outlined in the instructions. Let's hear it for carry on human powered boats.

Following on all this specific to our boating, I waded through pages of official explanations of how the four phases of getting back to normal are to be carried out, again here in Massachusetts. Thankfully, once again, our quite simple self employed life is little impacted by it all until I got to the end of it, Phase 4. It said, in part, "Development of vaccines and/or treatments enable resumption of new normal." That's a scary term coming from the "authorities" for it is they who determine what that new normal might be. To them, this is an opportunity to put permanently in place more controls over the lives we live, always in the interest, of course, of public safety.



Harkening Back With Harvey

"Small craft images from today as viewed through a long ago lens."

Images by Harvey Petersiel

Ah, the wonders of Photoshopping!





The Commonwealth of Massachusetts
Executive Office of Energy and Environmental Affairs
100 Cambridge Street, Suite 900
Boston, MA 02114

Charles D. Baker
GOVERNOR

Karyn E. Polito
LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR

Kathleen A. Theoharides
SECRETARY

Tel: (617) 626-1000
Fax: (617) 626-1081
<http://www.mass.gov/eea>

Memorandum

From: Executive Office of Energy and Environmental Affairs

Date: April 27, 2020

Subject: Boating and various other marine and inland waterway related activities

The following are guidelines for boating and various other marine and inland waterway related activities during the duration of Governor Baker's stay-at-home advisory and essential services order.

Inland boat ramps and canoe launches:

- Inland boat ramps and canoe launches within state parks, forests, wildlife management areas, boating access facilities and other state owned properties managed by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts remain open for use by boats being launched by vehicles registered in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, except where the access has already been closed due to parking restrictions or other restrictions.
- All other inland boat ramps that are currently managed by municipalities remain open subject to the discretion of the city or town.

User Guidelines:

- Ramps remain open subject to available parking. A ramp will be considered closed if all parking is full. Illegally parked cars will be ticketed and may be towed.
- All boat ramp and canoe launch users shall practice social distancing. Users should allow appropriate space for users of the boat ramp or launch and clear the ramp when users launch is complete.
- Users should ensure they are ready to depart quickly from the ramp or dock as soon as their boat is put into the water. Users not actively launching their boat should clear the launch area.
- Upon return to ramp, users should load their boat as quickly as safely possible and then clear the launch area.
- Use of ramps for organized fishing tournaments, derbies, or any other type of gathering is prohibited.

- Loitering on ramps or use of ramps for any activity other than launching boats is prohibited. Parking at ramps for activities other than launching boats is prohibited.
- Masks or face-coverings should be worn in public in accordance with the Department of Public Health's advisory when social distancing is not possible.

Coastal Boat Ramps:

- For commercial, state and municipal uses, coastal boat ramps will remain open.
- For recreational use, coastal boat ramps managed by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts remain open for use by boats being launched by vehicles registered in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
- All other coastal boat ramps currently managed by municipalities remain open for recreational use subject to the discretion of the city or town.

User Guidelines:

- Coastal boat ramp parking lots are open for users launching boats, canoes and kayaks, and associated parking. Parking for the purpose of accessing coastal beaches is prohibited.
- All boat ramp and canoe launch users shall practice social distancing. Users should allow appropriate space for users of the boat ramp or launch and clear the ramp immediately when their launch is complete.
- Users should ensure they are ready to depart quickly from the ramp or dock as soon as their boat is put into the water. Users not actively launching their boat should clear the launch area.
- Upon return to ramp, users should load their boat as quickly as safely possible and then clear the launch area.
- Use of ramps for organized fishing tournaments, derbies, or any other type of gathering is prohibited.
- Loitering on ramps or use of ramps for any activity other than launching boats is prohibited. Parking at ramps for activities other than launching boats is prohibited.
- Masks or face-coverings should be worn in public in accordance with the Department of Public Health's advisory when social distancing is not possible.

Recreational boating:

- The safe operation of recreational boats is permitted under the following guidelines:
 - Only persons from the same household should be together on a boat at one time.
 - No gathering or groups of persons from multiple households will be permitted on boat ramps, docks, piers etc., and all users shall practice strict social distancing.
 - All recreational crafts shall remain a safe distance apart. Tying boats or other crafts together is prohibited.
 - All recreational boating is subject to the discretion of local officials, harbor masters, and law enforcement.
 - All local rules, regulations, laws and Coast Guard requirements still apply.



You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Piscataqua Riverfest Update

We've made the difficult decision to change the direction of the 2020 Piscataqua Riverfest, originally scheduled for June 6, due to the uncertainty of the Coronavirus. We are still planning to retain several aspects of the event such as the Round Island Regatta boat race on the water with the picnic and awards and the Gala dinner on the prior evening. We are targeting August 14/15, pending approvals from the city.

The Gundalow Company, Portsmouth, NH



Adventures & Experiences...

The Pleasure Derived is Inversely Proportional...

After I moved to Boston in September 1975, right after college, I happened to find Phil Bolger's *Small Boats* in the Boston Public Library. I was hooked immediately on the man's wisdom as applies to boat designs and matters in general.

After I bought a house in Quincy in the mid 1980s and had the room to do so, I built an 8' Bolger Skimmer in my basement with the help of my young son Geoffrey. The following is a good friend's recollection of his ride with me around Quincy Bay in this boat with a 15hp (!) outboard mounted on the transom:

"One of my regrets: something not done while living in the Boston area. Taking sailing classes on the Charles River. Then I wanted to move up to the Boston Sailing School and go out on the ocean. Over the years I went on many harbor cruises, sailboat rides, whale watches, MBTA shuttle boat rides, ferries to Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket islands, Tall Ship tours, *USS Constitution* tours (I cannot count those visits), Boston Coast Guard Station cutter tour, trips to Thompson's Island in Boston Harbor, I visited many lighthouses including Boston Light, the last manned station, on Little Brewster Island in the Boston outer harbor, a friend with a 'bat boat' on the Mystic River took us through both the Mystic and Charles River locks and over to the harbor to watch planes landing at Logan.

My favorite ride though, by far, was aboard the Dave and Geoffrey's creation. I don't think I've ever laughed as much or had more fun. It was like Huckleberry Finn

6 - *Messing About in Boats*, July 2020

with an outboard motor blasting around Quincy Bay!"

I think it may have been Phil Bolger who observed that the pleasure derived from a boat is inversely proportional to the size of the boat. Whether or not it was Bolger who made this observation, it does seem to be true. :-)

Dave Karasic, Bedford, MA

Steam Lauches Need Not Stay Home

This photo of me in the steam launch Golden Eagle was taken last fall at Lees Mill, Lake Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire, from a drone flown by Charley Griffiths. I was just reading the April issue of *MAIB* and particularly the While Fleet section in Doc Regan's column. I know there is lead time for writing, publishing, etc, but with the Covoind-19 panic stopping every cruise ship in the world it is odd reading about "loud music, dance and crowds." I have never been on a cruise ship and am quite happy. Not one state governor has dictated that steam launches need stay at home. I am hopeful to be on the water before the end of May.

Kent Lacey, Old Lyme, CT



Information of Interest...

The Electromagnetic Rail Gun

The electromagnetic rail gun has been around since the late '50s or early '60s. It is an "old" technology that has had a rebirth for a number of reasons. You can get plans to build one on the web. The trick is the condensing unit that "powers" the magnetics in sequential order to propel the "bullet" out the barrel. I believe the reason for the cost and electrical demand is that it is a military project and if it was as easy as it could be to build small naval forces would have the same line of sight impact as very big and expensive US warships.

C. Henry Depew, Tallahassee, FL

Information Wanted...

Vintage Cable Steering

I'm looking for any articles on vintage cable steering, how to set it up on a small boat, especially for hydroplane or hydroplane steering or anything somewhat related thereto.

Steve Brown, brown11@charter.net

Projects...

Construction Projects for Children

Thanks so much for including the "Ship's Log Tampa Bay Ship Model Society 8" article in the March issue. The photos and diagrams of very old and very simple boat models were fascinating. I love looking

at construction projects that can be accomplished by children. I was so inspired by the article that, thanks to Amazon, I am now the proud owner of the original 1928 book *Boy Craft*, referenced as the source for some of the boat models. The book's perfectly yellowed pages and delightfully appealing old book aroma add charm to this book which promises to be the source of very doable projects for my 8-year-old grandson. And yes, you can be sure that my 10-year-old granddaughter will be involved too.

Arthur Strock, Belvidere, NJ

Combatting Covoind 19 in Canada

I am a new reader to *MAIB* and am enjoying it very much. Crises Covid-19. I am a Canadian up in central Ontario and live in a small village of Bobcaygeon. It is the hub of the Georgian Bay and Trent Waterway system. Our little city of 3,000 people, has had over 19 deaths from this virus as of April 2, all these occurred at a local nursing home.

To keep our spirits up I am building a John Marples Sea Clipper 20 tri. In these very difficult times, building my boat has kept my spirits up and helps me to think of the days when my wife and I can go sailing. It helps me think about nicer times sitting around an old woodstove, talking with the folks who drop by my shop and discuss messing around in boats. I am also building a couple of kayaks.

I sort of have a feeling that this virus will take us back to a slower pace, maybe see one another through an era of gentler, less stressful times. *Messing About in Boats* has helped me to push through these trying days. I want to thank you for your lovely magazine.

Jerry Coulson, Bobcaygeon Ontario



This Magazine...

Good Writing

I believe I know good writing when I read it. In my opinion the essay in the March issue by Boyd Mefferd entitled "Perfect" is first class. More than that it is perfect. Thank you for printing it.

Otto Suchsland, Sarasota, FL

How Many Shells

I marveled at the April cover photo. I have been hanging around rowing clubs most of my life and I am sure I have never seen so many boats on one trailer. Eight on the top level, five levels... I could not count how many there were altogether.

Peter Jepson, Belleville, Ontario

PowerShips is the flagship (pun fully intended) publication of the Steamship Historical Society of America, an 85-year-old organization that describes their mission as:

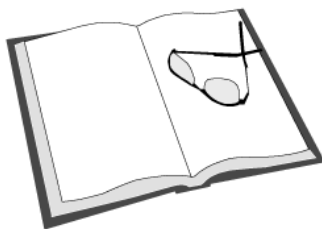
"Our mission at the Steamship Historical Society of America is to record, preserve and share the history of engine powered vessels. In 1935 a group of historians and collectors passionate about steamships formed the Steamship Historical Society of America as a means of bringing together amateur and professional historians interested in the history and development of steam navigation, past and present. Their knowledge, as well as photographs, research and writings formed the nucleus of the society's collections.

Today our collections comprise hundreds of thousands of images, artifacts, ephemera, memorabilia and artwork as well as a maritime reference library. At the Ship History Center in Warwick, Rhode Island, visitors and members alike can peruse ship models, view collections or conduct research.

Our diverse membership includes maritime collectors and artists, navy and merchant mariners, historians, students, genealogists, ship engineers and architects and maritime history enthusiasts. Our quarterly magazine *PowerShips* reflects this broad range of topics with articles on the history of ships and shipping, as well as current news in the industry."

I will indulge almost anything historical, but frankly I've never seen a nautical history magazine as well constructed as *PowerShips*. Production values are better than most coffee table art books, better than any other nautical magazine including mega yacht journals intended to get the uber rich to part with hundreds of millions for their next floating palace. I'm guessing not a lot of members toss their copies in the trash once they have been read. The real value of any journal is its content, so what does get written about in *PowerShips*?

Content seems biased towards passenger and cargo service, but past articles cover ship history, both types of vessels, classes of vessels and individual ships, ship propulsion, historical periods and trends, key personalities, even historic waterfronts. Winter 2020, the issue I have in hand, had articles entitled, "Run Away to Sea on P&O-Orient Lines," "Nieuw Amsterdam of 1938: Greatest Passenger Ship of All," "Presidential Yacht *USS Mayflower*," "The *General Greene* to



Book Review

PowerShips

The Magazine of the
Steamship Historical Society of America
#312, Winter 2020

Reviewed by John Nystrom



the Rescue" and "The First Floating Nuclear Power Plant."

What? A floating nuclear power plant? Yes, that is a thing and the Russians and Chinese have just started building them in earnest, but the first one ever built (which the *NY Times* got wrong in a recent article on current Russian and Chinese efforts) was a US

conversion of a Liberty Ship hull that was completed after the war and sat in mothballs until 1963. The Army Corps of Engineers had the ship converted to a floating power plant to supply additional electrical energy for the Panama Canal. The *General Greene* was a Coast Guard cutter that was noted for rescues of torpedoed merchant crews out of Nantucket Island during WW2. *USS Mayflower* was not only a Presidential yacht, it served in the US Navy in the Spanish-American War and WWI, as a Coast Guard cutter in WW2, both as a private yacht and a sealer, and ended her career serving in the Israeli Navy! That is a colorful career.

There are regular departments or columns, kind of like "Over the Horizon" for *MAIB*, that include "Tugboats" and "Regionals." The Regions listed, each having a presumably local author/editor are High Seas, Mid Atlantic, New York, Overseas, New England and Eastern Canada, West Coast, Great Lakes/Seaway, Southeast and Gulf Ports, Southwest Pacific and finally Western Rivers. Like "Over the Horizon," Regionals covers all kinds of snippets that may not be interesting to everyone but will find someone in the readership to say, "well look at that!"

The article authors each have a biography and the included authors comprise an expert on passenger liners and cruise ships with several histories of celebrated passenger ships, a retired Navy captain with a history of significant commands, a professor from US Merchant Marine Academy, a marine industry professional with an obvious passion for history and a retired NASA computer programmer, also with a passion for nautical history.

In addition to the magazine and some other publications, the SSHSA main website <https://www.sshsa.org/> links to a virtual museum (https://www.sshsa.org/virtual_museum/index.html) that has great artwork and artifacts, including some great half hull models, and a catalog of their physical museum and archives. The HQ, museum and archives are located in Warwick, Rhode Island. I just gained another stop when Tammy and I finally visit New England sometime in the future. *PowerShips* is superior in presentation and content quality to any other nautical history periodical publication I've seen so far (published quarterly, in this case). Anyone among *MAIB* readers who is a reader and member?

THE ARTFUL SAILOR



Whole Earth Nautical Supply & Sail Exchange
Port Townsend, WA

360-344-8120

Guidance, Goods & Tools For Sailors!
www.theartfulsailor.com

It's about time



Join Us

Kayaksailor.com

Kuvia llc PO Box 1470 Hood River, OR 97031 Ph 541.716.6262

One of the most violent hurricanes that has ever shown itself in this country passed over Key West on Sunday, October 11, 1846, and laid that town in ruins. Time alone prevents my going as minutely into particulars as I could wish, but nevertheless I will give you as graphic a description of it as I am able at this time. The scene was awful, almost if not quite beyond description.

The gale commenced about 10am on the 11th instant and about 2pm it blew a perfect hurricane. I was on board the revenue cutter *Morris* about one mile from Key West at anchor with 150 fathoms (900') of chain out, yards down on the deck and every preparation made for the storm. Our riding bits were working and it became necessary to back them with deck tackles, the current was now moving by us at a rate of 12mph. The *Morris* laying broadside to it, as well as the wind, made her labor very heavy and in danger of parting her chains, when we were compelled to cut away the mainmast for the safety of our lives as well as the vessel.

When the mast went over the side it hung by the triatic stay (between mast tops) and was in danger of falling on us every moment. A man could not get aloft and we were anxious to hold on the foremast as the last resort in case the schooner should founder at her anchors. After a few moments a man made out to aloft and cut the stay, when the mast fortunately fell clear of us.

It was a narrow escape. Thirty men tossing to and fro on the deck of a small vessel with a mast suspended over their heads as it were by a thread, made the situation anything but enviable. We now battened down the hatches and all hands passed through the wardroom. The vessel continued to labor very heavily and the sea made a complete breach over us. It was with difficulty we could keep her free with both pumps going and baling from wardroom and berth deck.

At 4pm the air was full of water and no man could look windward for a second. Houses, lumber and vessels drifting by us, some large sticks of lumber turned end over end by the force of the current and the sea running so high and breaking over us brought lumber, casks, etc, on board of us and across our decks. At quarter past four the water was up to our lowest half ports inboard and gaining on us when our starboard chain parted and we commenced dragging, we know not which way as our compasses flew around in such a manner that they became useless for that object.

Loss of Cutter *Morris* in the Key West Hurricane of 1846

By Lieutenant William C. Pease
US Revenue Cutter Service
From *The Long Blue Line*

Editor's Note: Through the ages many hurricanes have struck the Florida Keys, however, the Key West Hurricane of 1846 (aka The Great Havana Hurricane) is believed to be one of the worst, destroying the city and killing over 250 residents. The following is a recounting of the storm by eyewitness and US Revenue Cutter Service officer Lieutenant William C. Pease. This account first appeared in the *New Orleans Daily Delta* newspaper on October 23, 1846. The text has been lightly edited and a few insertions added for ease of reading.

Now our fears were that we should go out over the Reef and into the Gulf, and before we got into the Gulf the vessel must strike and bilge, but that would not save her. At this time we cut away the foremast when a sea struck us knocking the schooner on her beam ends, carrying away our bulwarks, cranes, larboard (starboard) boat, quarter house, swinging boom and everything movable off deck, and to right the vessel we hove the lee guns overboard and knocked out the ports, all expecting momentarily to go to the bottom.

We were in this suspense for about one hour when we struck on some reef unknown, when our larboard chain parted and we made preparations to scuttle the vessel. The hurricane gradually subsided, although at midnight we were sticking heavy and blowing a gale from SE.

On the morning of the 12th the scene was anything but agreeable, we had drifted about three miles and about half of that distance over a shoal with only about two feet of water on it at ordinary tides, this is the depth of the water around the *Morris* when I left her. Around her, large wrecks of all descriptions, one ship on her beam ends, three brigs dismantled, also three schooners, three vessels sunk in a small channel and four vessels bottom up.

How many persons attached to these vessels had been drowned, I am unable to say. We have picked up only two, one of them a young man who I knew intimately. The lightship at the NW Pass has gone from or sunk at her mooring. The lighthouse at Key West and Sand Key washed away and Key West is in ruins. A white sand beach covers the spot where Key West lighthouse stood and waves roll over the spot where Sand Key was.

Fourteen persons were either killed or drowned at Key West Lighthouse and not a soul escaped to tell the tale. The only vestige of the Lighthouse to be seen is a portion of the iron posts of the lantern and some pieces of soapstone, which have washed one hundred yards from the spot where they fell.

At Sand Key, six persons were killed or drowned, most likely the former as the general impression is that they fled to the stone Lighthouse for refuge, the Key being very low. Poor old Capt Appleby (Lighthouse Keeper Joshua Appleby, buoy tender namesake) I knew him very well, he told me the first hurricane would sweep all to destruction and alas! His prediction is verified.

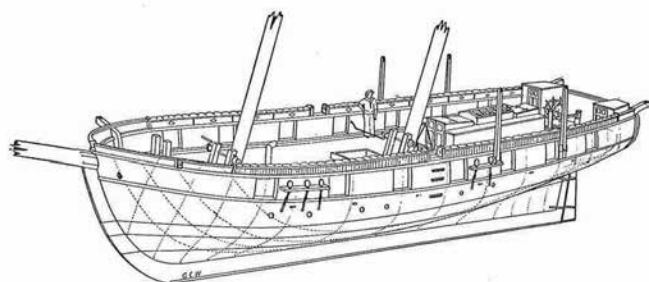
At Key West the tide was 5' high and running 6mph through the center of the town. The citizens fled to the back part of the town, which is rather higher than the rest, into the bushes, laid down and held on, expecting every moment the waves would reach them. Parents were separated from their children, husbands from their wives and all was confusion, terror and dismay. The island trembled to its very center. A few hours more and a white sand beach would have covered the new desolate remains of Key West.

The occupants of the marine hospital were expecting every moment to go into eternity. A large stone building, surrounded with 5' of water running by 6mph, cutting the sand from under the foundation made the situation awful. Thirty feet of the stone washed away from one corner, 15 from the other, and the roof blown off.

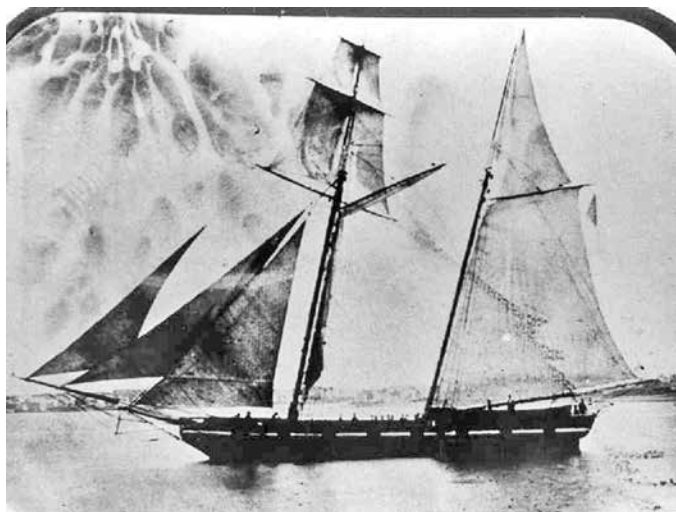
All the wharves are washed away or injured, not one warehouse escaped the fury of the storm, wood and stone seemed all alike going to destruction. There are not more than six out of 600 houses but are unroofed or blown down! The public buildings at the fort, as well as the wharf are all gone and the Fort itself is a mass of ruins. It is estimated that the Government alone will lose at least \$200,000 by the hurricane.

Below left: Three dimensional view of Revenue Cutter *Morris* showing the vessel's hull lines and deck configuration. (Howard Chapelle, History of American Sailing Ships).

At right: The oldest known photographic image of a revenue cutter shows *Morris*'s sister cutter *Gallatin*. (US Coast Guard).



UNITED STATES REVENUE CUTTER *Morris*.



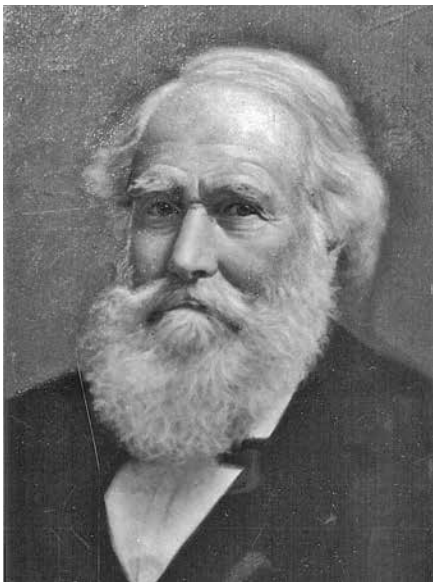
Wind Power

How the 19th Century's Greatest Shipbuilder Opened the Pacific

By Ben Marks
Originally Published in
Collectors Weekly.com
Reprinted Here with Permission

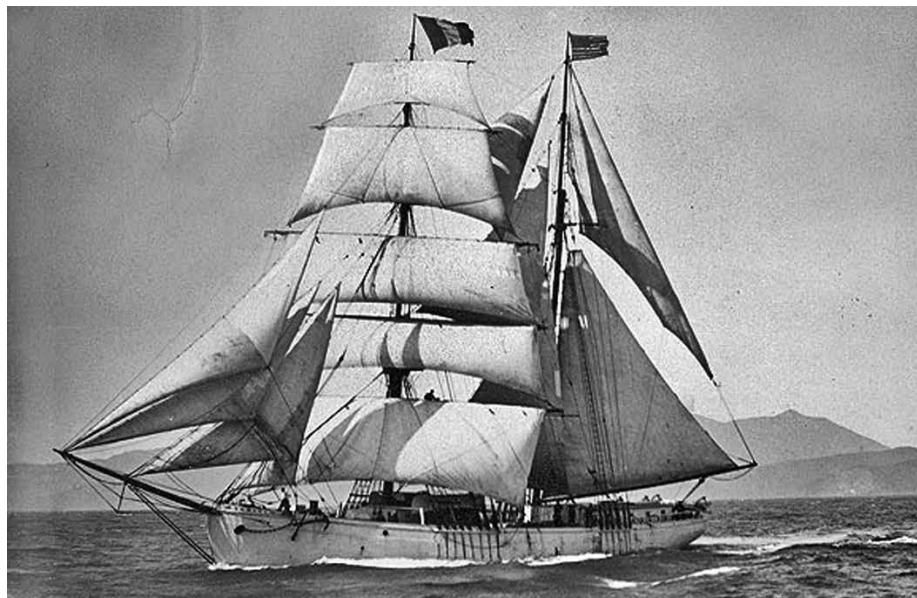
In 1849, when word reached Ohio that gold had been discovered the year before in California, there was little to keep a young ship captain named Matthew Turner (1825-1909) close to the family homestead on the shores of Lake Erie. Eight years earlier, when Turner was just 16, his 36-year-old mother was taken by illness; in 1849, when Turner was a 24-year-old newlywed, his bride died, too. And so, in the winter of 1850 Turner bid adieu to his father, brother and sisters and caught a Mississippi River steamboat for New Orleans. There he secured passage to Panama and crossed the isthmus, probably by donkey, which saved him a solid three months of travel compared to sailing through the Strait of Magellan at the southern tip of South America. By May, before California was even a state, Turner had arrived by schooner in San Francisco, the rowdy gateway to the even rowdier goldfields lying east in the Sierra foothills. "The story goes that he was so brokenhearted after the death of his wife and child, he just disappeared."

Unlike most of his fellow prospectors, Turner did well during the California Gold Rush, parlaying his earnings into a string of profitable seagoing businesses and onshore enterprises, culminating in the Turner Shipyards (1868-1907). As the head of that company, Turner designed and built some 200 wooden sailing vessels, more than any other US shipbuilder of the late 1800s.



This painting of Matthew Turner in his later years is still in the collection of Turner's descendants. – Courtesy Hunt Family

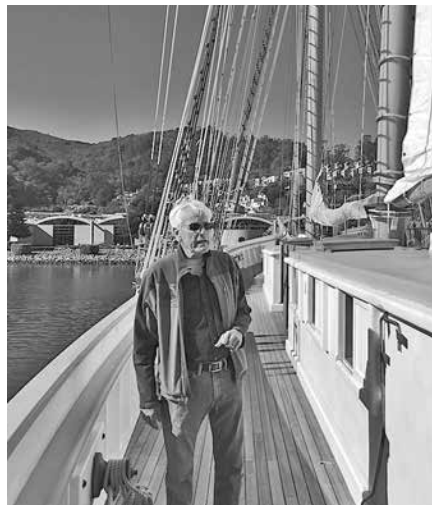
A century after Turner left Ohio, another sailor would make his way down the Mississippi. The year was 1962 and the sailor was Alan Olson who, along with his then wife Marsha, motored an unrigged, 40' plywood and fiberglass catamaran he'd built in Minneapolis all the way to Pensacola, Florida. Olson spent



The Tahiti, seen here sailing on San Francisco Bay, was a 124' brigantine built by Turner Shipyards in 1881. – Courtesy Hunt Family

more than a year installing the mast and rigging the sails before he and his wife sailed the catamaran to the Bahamas with some friends. After a hurricane chased them back to Miami, the young couple settled into the drudgery of school and jobs, a rude comedown from the freedom of sailing on a whim between tropical islands. But like Turner, Olson would head to California, where he's lived a life that's revolved around a love of sailing ships and the sea since the 1970s.

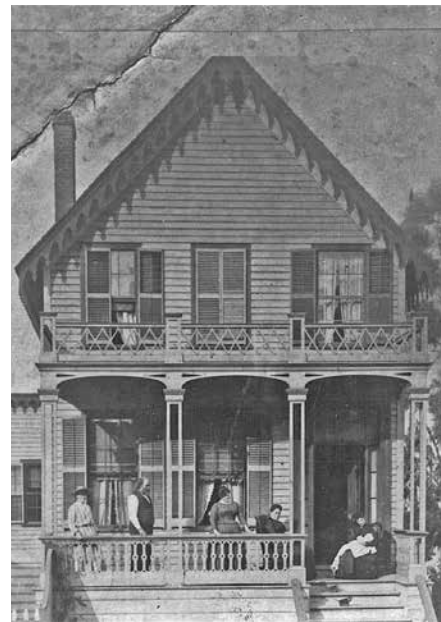
Today the legacy of Matthew Turner and the life of Alan Olson have intersected in the form of a 132' long brigantine named after the great 19th century shipbuilder and sea captain. That's because for the past decade or so Alan Olson has been in charge of the construction of the *Matthew Turner* for Call of the Sea, a Sausalito, California, educational organization he cofounded in 1985. A hybrid of 19th century design and construction techniques as well as 21st century technology, the *Matthew Turner* will introduce students of all ages and backgrounds to the experience of being on the water, where they'll learn about nautical history, sailing science, ocean ecology, and, above all, the importance of teamwork.



Alan Olson aboard the *Matthew Turner*, which will begin educational sailing trips this fall from its home base in Sausalito, California.

Matthew Turner would have loved the idea of a ship designed for young people being named after him. That's because despite losing his wife at a young age and never fathering children of his own, Turner ended his years a devoted family man.

The shift in his familial fortunes occurred in 1878 when, at the age of 53, Turner married into a family of three children between the ages of 6 and 12. The mother of the boy and two girls was Ashbeline Rundle, the widow of an Englishman named Richard T. Rundle, who had passed away two years earlier. Turner and Rundle had known each other since 1850 when they met in the rough and tumble goldfields of California. They spent several years battling rock and the elements in their quest for gold and stayed in touch thereafter as friends and business partners. In fact, the two men were so close that in the 1870s Turner, a bachelor since the death of his wife a couple of decades earlier, rented a room in the Rundle home (see photo below) at 711 Tennessee Street, not far from Turner's first shipyard in San Francisco, making him a familiar part of the Rundle household.



Messing About in Boats, July 2020 – 9

Eileen Hunt, who is the great granddaughter of one of the Rundle daughters, Charlotte, thinks she knows why Turner offered Ashbeline his hand in marriage after a suitable period of mourning. "He'd promised to take care of Rundle's family," she says. "From what I understand," she adds, "there wasn't a romantic relationship between Turner and Ashbeline, but Turner loved those kids." Hunt also has a hunch as to why Turner took so long to remarry. "Perhaps he didn't want to take the leap again," she says. "Maybe the hurt of losing his first wife was too great."

The hurt had occurred in Geneva, Ohio, where Turner's father, George Turner, had settled from Connecticut around 1820. Connecticut had only ceded its claim to this portion of Ohio in 1800, so the ties between the two states were still strong. Upon arrival in what some people still called the Western Reserve, the elder Turner found employment as a deputy to Q.F. Atkins, the auditor of Ashtabula County which is bordered on the north by Lake Erie and on the east by Pennsylvania. In 1822 Turner married his boss's oldest daughter, Emily Atkins, purchased a farm in Geneva from Q.F. and began raising a family. By the year Matthew Turner was born, 1825, Emily had already given birth to a boy, Horatio, and two girls, Phedora and Stella. That was also the year that George Turner dammed Indian Creek, which flowed through the couple's property, and constructed a sawmill.

George Turner's timing was opportune. In those days settlers in the young state of Ohio were transitioning from the log cabins that had been hastily erected to shelter them from the bitter winter winds blowing off Lake Erie to proper homes built out of lumber. Turner's sawmill served this growing market. To increase the profitability of his sawmill, Turner commissioned the construction of two wooden sloops, the *Geneva* (1839) and the *Philena Mills* (1846). These ships allowed him to deliver his lumber to townships along the western shores of Lake Erie, and when his sloops returned with full loads of western Ohio limestone for local building needs, that put George Turner in the shipping business, too.

For about a year Turner's old brother, Horatio, captained the *Philena Mills*. For his part, Matthew had already begun his maritime career. By 1843, at the age of 18, Matthew Turner had earned a master's certificate to captain seagoing vessels, the documentation required to command commercial ships on the "inland oceans" known as the Great Lakes. But Horatio's younger brother took his interest in seafaring a serious step further when, in 1847, the ambitious 22-year-old designed a schooner of his own. His father and a business partner agreed to fund the construction of young Turner's schooner which was built out of lumber from his father's sawmill. Soon, Turner was the captain of the *George R. Roberts*, as his two masted schooner was christened, hauling timber west across Lake Erie, north to Lake Huron and then south on Lake Michigan to Chicago.

It seemed as if Matthew Turner had found his calling behind the wheel of a ship and his marriage in 1848 to Amanda Jackson should have been the icing on the cake. But when Turner's new bride and their baby died during childbirth, Turner became terribly distraught.

"The story goes that he was so broken-hearted after the death of his wife and child, he just disappeared," Eileen Hunt says. In fact, Turner left Geneva aboard the *George R. Roberts* without so much as a goodbye. As it turned out, Matthew went off to haul lumber on Lake Michigan, but George and Horatio Turner were so concerned about their son and brother's months long absence that they posted advertisements offering a reward for information about Matthew Turner's whereabouts in newspapers from Detroit to Cleveland. In the end, Turner returned home, unaware of the anxiety his disappearance had caused. But the episode suggests that in some form or another, Turner was done with Geneva, Ohio, and why, in 1850, the young man was so eager to make his way to the goldfields.

Once in California, Turner joined forces with Ben Crocker, sluicing and panning for gold on San Antonio Creek near the town of Columbia.



Matthew Turner (left) and Ben Crocker (right) panning for gold on San Antonio Creek near Columbia, California, 1850. – Courtesy Hunt Family

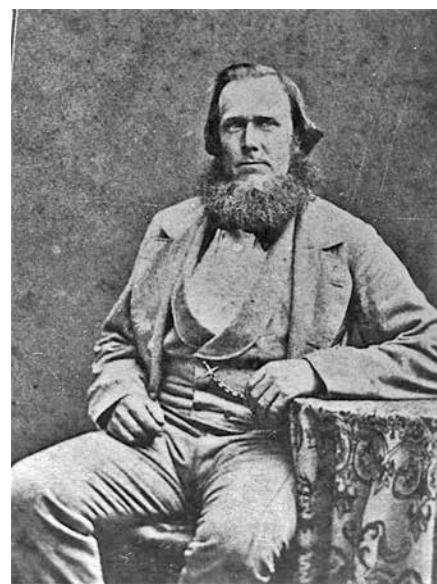
At some point he parted ways with Crocker and partnered with Richard T. Rundle who, like Turner, was also a sea captain. Turner and Rundle worked a small mine near Big Oak Flat.



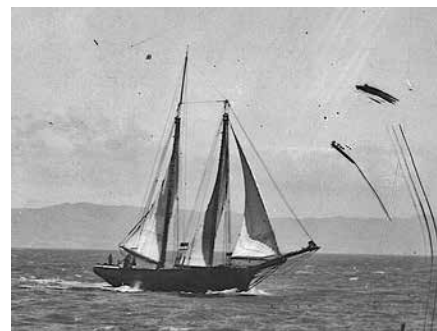
From 1852 to 1853, Matthew Turner and Richard Rundle were partners in this gold mine at Big Oak Flat, California. – Courtesy Hunt Family

While most people lured to California to strike it rich lost their shirts, Turner did very well in his three and a half years of prospecting, turning his gold into a schooner called the *Toranto*, which he promptly sailed to California's densely forested northern coast to resume the lumber hauling business he'd practiced on the Great Lakes. This time, though, Turner's market was San Francisco, which by 1853 was a roaring Gold Rush boomtown that gobbled up building materi-

als like lumber as fast as it could be unloaded from the holds of schooners like the *Toranto*. Soon Turner was transporting lumber and other goods aboard the *Toranto* to markets as far away as Tahiti, where he went into business with Benjamin Franklin Chapman.



Matthew Turner at age 28, shortly after retiring from the life of a gold prospector. – Courtesy Hunt Family



In 1853 Turner parlayed the money he'd made as a gold prospector into this ship, the *Toranto*, which he used to haul lumber from Mendocino County to San Francisco. – Courtesy Hunt Family

This would not be the last time the Chapman and Turner families would cross paths. Benjamin Franklin Chapman's son, Adrienne Eugene "Charlie" Chapman, would marry Charlotte Rundle Turner, one of Ashbeline's daughters and Eileen Hunt's great grandmother. Given his connections to the Chapman family, Turner may have been the one to make the introductions. "There was so much intertwining between our families," Eileen Hunt says.

Over the next decade and a half Turner followed opportunities wherever the schooners and brigantines under his command took him, from the Strait of Magellan to the Gulf of Alaska. With San Francisco, California, and Papeete, Tahiti, as his home bases, Turner's life on the high seas was followed by a career of almost 40 years in California as the most prolific shipbuilder of his era. At the height of his shipbuilding career, in the 1880s, Matthew Turner was responsible for the design and construction of as many as a dozen schooners, sloops, brigantines and steamers in a single year.

In contrast, Alan Olson moved through the world at a more deliberate pace. After settling in San Francisco at the end of the 1960s, Alan Olson spent six years building the follow-up to his 40' catamaran. His sophomore ship was a 70' brigantine which he began working on in 1971. Dubbed the *Stone Witch*, Olson's brig finally left the dock in 1977.

To recoup some of his construction costs, Olson conducted educational programs on basic sailing principles and ocean ecology for students as well as charter cruises for adults. Mostly he sailed around San Francisco Bay but Olson also took the *Stone Witch* down to Mexico and out to many of the same remote Pacific Ocean isles that Turner had visited 100 years earlier. Over the next decade or so, well into the mid 1980s, Olson sailed his brig more than 40,000 miles. For a while the *Stone Witch* was even a flagship for Greenpeace, performing environmental missions along the California coast.

In 1985 these social minded impulses led Olson to join several other sailors who were starting an organization named Call of the Sea, a nonprofit devoted to hands-on educational programs like the ones Olson had been offering aboard the *Stone Witch*. From around 1986 to 2000, Call of the Sea operated a 54' staysail schooner called the *Marmel*, which Olson had restored and remodeled to be a floating classroom. In 1992 he led a group of passengers aboard the *Marmel* on a 12-month, 15,000-mile voyage that followed the fault lines, ocean trenches and volcanoes of the Pacific Rim. In 2007 Call of the Sea expanded its programming by purchasing an 82' steel hull staysail schooner called the *Seaward*, which today carries some 5,000 students a year onto San Francisco Bay where they learn about everything from navigation to the impact of microplastics in the marine environment. This fall, when Olson and his team complete work on the *Matthew Turner*, Call of the Sea's programming capacity will triple.



The Matthew Turner (left) and Seaward are operated by Call of the Sea, whose mission is to educate students of all ages about sailing and the sea.

While it would make a nice, tidy story to paint Alan Olson as a 21st century update of 19th century Matthew Turner, the differences between the two sailors are greater than the similarities. Consider the names given to their first vessels, Turner's, the *George R. Roberts*, took its name from a business associate of his father, George Turner. Inasmuch as the elder Turner had funded the construction of his son's first schooner, the decision about what to call the ship was simply not

Matthew's to make, no record exists of how young Turner felt about the name one way or the other.

In contrast, Olson put a lot of thought into the name of his catamaran, the *Excitandum*, the Latin word for "excite," although at the time Olson, who'd studied Latin in Catholic prep school, viewed the word in the context of its related and more romantic sentiment, "awakening." Even more romantic was the inspiration for the *Excitandum* itself, as Olson explains to me when we meet aboard the *Matthew Turner*, which is buzzing with volunteers.

"When I was 16," he says, "they used to have a show on TV called 'Bold Journey.'" On each episode different people would have different adventures. The one that stuck with me was about these six guys who called themselves the Six Magellans. They bought a schooner and sailed it around the world. Well, I couldn't think of anything better to do than that."



A TV show in the late 1950s called "Bold Journey" was the spark that ignited Alan Olson's interest in sailing.

Unfortunately the "Bold Journey" that had captured Olson's imagination was an expensive one, the sort of thing six rich Magellans would do, not a kid of average means from the Twin Cities. Stymied by a lack of resources, Olson worried his dream would slip away until an acquaintance suggested he build a fiberglass catamaran. "He said, 'You can order plans and parts from a guy in California,'" Olson remembers. "'It's cheap and easy. Anybody can do it.' So I decided to do that." Two years later *Excitandum* was ready to launch down the Mississippi. "We didn't have any rigging on it at that time," Olson says, "but I was ready to get going."

Ready for his awakening, you might say. "That was kind of the idea behind it," Olson confirms. "I was going out into another world to kind of wake up, to find out what was going on. It's a Buddhist thought," he adds. "At the time, I didn't realize how much Buddhism would influence my life. I've been very involved with Buddhist philosophies ever since."

Just as there's no record of what Matthew Turner thought about the name of his first schooner, we also don't know a thing about his views of non Western religions such as Buddhism. What we do know is that after Turner's success with the *Toronto* from 1853 to 1855, he acquired a larger schooner, the *Lewis Perry*, which he used to haul goods between Chile and Argentina through the Strait of Magellan. Turner lived in South America for much of 1856, during which he and the crew of the *Lewis Perry* rescued a group of British sailors who were stranded aboard a steamer called the *Panama*. The Brits weren't clinging to rocks as waves crashed around them and sharks circled or anything melodramatic like that, but Turner welcomed the hapless crew aboard the wind-powered *Lewis Perry* which didn't need so

much as a puff of steam to get them to a safe port. This act of high seas gallantry resulted in a personal thank you gift (a telescope) from Queen Victoria herself.

An upgrade in 1860 to an even larger brigantine called the *Timandra* allowed Turner and his crew to sail to, among other places, the Sea of Okhotsk off the coast of Siberia. Turner was making a trading run there when he noticed the abundance of cod being caught by Russian fisherman. The next time he sailed the *Timandra* to the area, in 1863, he did so loaded with 25 tons of salt to preserve what he hoped would be a bountiful catch to bring home. In the end Turner and his crew caught 30 tons of cod on that trip, which Turner sold at a profit in San Francisco for 15 cents a pound. The event marked the beginning of a lucrative Alaska cod fishery which today still thrives alongside fisheries for salmon and crab.

By 1865 Turner was captaining yet another fishing schooner, the *Porpoise*, off the Shumagin Islands in the Gulf of Alaska (at the time, Russia still owned what would become America's 49th state). The Shumagins were closer to San Francisco than the fishing grounds in the Sea of Okhotsk, which meant Turner was able to get his 30 tons of cod to a drying facility he'd built on Yerba Buena Island in San Francisco Bay, and thus to market, faster than his farther flung competitors.

Since leaving the goldfields with Richard Rundle in 1853 to seek a second fortune, Turner had proven himself an adept businessman, using his skills as a sailor to entrepreneurial advantage across the Pacific. But in 1868 he traded his captain's cap for a draftsman's pencil when he designed his second ship, a 115' brigantine called the *Nautilus*. Custom built for him by the E.B. Cousins Island Shipyard of Eureka, California, the *Nautilus* was a worthy follow-up to the *George R. Roberts* of 20 years earlier.

For the design of the *Nautilus*, Turner took inspiration from racing yachts of the mid 19th century, trading the convention of the wide bowed cargo schooner for a sleek, narrow bow. One of the effects of this somewhat radical innovation was that the *Nautilus*' displacement (the part of the hull below the waterline) was moved aft, or to the rear, which allowed the vessel to use less of its wind generated energy to cut through the ocean. At the time, the conventional wisdom was that seagoing vessels needed a heavy, beamy bow so as not to be flipped lengthwise, bow over stern, by enormous ocean waves. But the *Nautilus* was superbly seaworthy and Turner himself sailed the *Nautilus* to Tahiti to show off his new ship to his friends and business associates there, virtually upon its receipt.



The Turner-Chapman building (center) in Papeete, Tahiti, circa early 1880s. – Courtesy Hunt Family

"The idea of a finer, narrower bow was something that had been understood by designers of racing boats and yachts," Olson confirms, "but it hadn't really been applied to the commercial side of shipbuilding. Turner was the first one to run with that idea while also improving storage capacity and increasing the ability to carry sail." The *Nautilus* was sleek and stable and, best of all, it was fast. "Turner had the fastest boats around," Olson says.

Turner was so happy with the *Nautilus*' lines and the way it sliced through whatever the Pacific Ocean hurled at it, that he replicated the ship's basic shape in a number of vessels he designed at his new enterprise, Turner Shipyards. The shipyard's first location was on San Francisco Bay at what used to be called Brickyard Point, which is not too far from the spot where the Golden State Warriors basketball team recently built itself a fancy new \$1.4 billion dollar arena.

By 1883 Turner had moved his growing shipyard about 40 miles north up San Francisco Bay to Benicia, where day to day operations were managed by Turner's older brother, Horatio, who Matthew had personally ferried, accompanied by his brother's wife and their two children, through the Strait of Magellan to San Francisco several decades earlier. In Benicia, Turner Shipyards cranked out schooners and sloops, brigantines and barkentines, tugboats, racing yachts and even a few barges. His schooners brought untold tons of sugar from Hawaii, helped launch at least one major shipping line (Matson) and set speed records for ships sailing between San Francisco and Tahiti. By the end of his career in 1907, Matthew Turner had designed or built 228 watercraft, more than any other American shipbuilder working at the turn of the 19th and 20th centuries.

Alan Olson's ambitions lay elsewhere and reflect his coming of age in the second half of the 20th century. He used his skills as a sailor to educate kids and adults alike about sailing and the sea. On shore, his life-long process of awakening that began with the *Excitandum* in 1962 included stints at a Northern California Buddhist retreat called Odiyan where, between the late 1980s and 2002, Olson spent five years on and off living and working as part of an all volunteer crew tasked with building the monastery's impressive temples. This landlocked experience, Olson says, helped prepare him for the *Matthew Turner* project at Call of the Sea.

"We were in way over our heads," Olson says of his work at Odiyan. But that feeling of being at sea, so to speak, proved helpful when it came time to tackle a 132' brigantine. "I learned how to approach something I hadn't done before," he says, "how to get the knowledge you need to get started, how to assess if things are going right as the project proceeds and how to work as a volunteer with a team of other volunteers."

All of those lessons have been directly applicable to the *Matthew Turner* project. "That was good schooling," Olson says of Odiyan. "Without that experience, I don't know if I would've felt confident enough to take this on. But I had built temples, so why not a boat?" For Olson, his time at Odiyan made the prospect of raising the almost \$7 million dollars needed to build the *Matthew Turner*, and then managing every detail of its construction, a little bit less daunting.



San Francisco Harbor in the 1880s. – Courtesy Hunt Family

As a well read sailor, Alan Olson knew all about Matthew Turner before the idea of building a 132' brigantine named after the great shipbuilder was a gleam in anyone's eye. But until the Matthew Turner project at Call of the Sea began to take shape, Olson had never met any heirs of Turner's extended family. That changed relatively early in the project when Olson was introduced to Eileen Hunt, her sister Claudia Hunt Putnam and their father, Murray Chapman Hunt, who was the keeper of the Turner family archives until he passed away in 2014. This connection between Olson and the Hunts instantly transformed an ambitious education and shipbuilding project into a family affair. "When our Dad showed up at the construction site," Claudia says, "Alan would just part the seas of his busy schedule to hang with him. They were kindred spirits for certain and became very fond of each other."



Before he passed in 2014, Matthew Turner family historian Murray Chapman Hunt (left) got to know Alan Olson, who's in charge of the brigantine named after Hunt's great grandfather. – Courtesy Hunt Family)



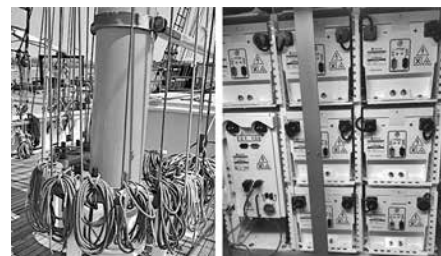
Sisters Eileen Hunt (left) and Claudia Hunt Putnam are the current keepers of the Matthew Turner family archives. – Photo by John Riise, Courtesy Call of the Sea

Even before his personal connection with the Hunts, Olson had been very keen to make sure the ship he was building in the pres-

ent was doing justice to the past. To that end, Olson and Call of the Sea worked with Andy Davis of Tri Coastal Marine to customize the design of a famous 1891 Turner Shipyards brigantine called the *Galilee* to suit the needs of a classroom at sea. For example, instead of a cargo hold able to carry 100 tons of Hawaiian sugar to San Francisco, the specific task for which many Turner Shipyards vessels were originally built, the *Matthew Turner* features 38 bunks for students and crew.

In some cases, 19th century shipbuilding techniques were chosen for the 21st century ship, such as the decision to build the hull out of Douglas fir using a traditional technique known as carvel planking. "The material, the Douglas fir, is the same as it was in Turner's time," Olson says, "and we steamed each one of the planks to bend it into shape so that was basically the same technique, too." Some of the ship's timbers, though, are not timbers at all but laminated composites made up of countless smaller pieces of wood that have been glued together. "Laminated materials are stronger and allow a lot more shapes," Olson says. Similarly, while the design of the rigging is traditional, square sails on the front or foremost mast, gaff sails on the mainmast, the sails themselves are made of Dacron, a durable manufactured fabric made from polyester fibers, which obviously did not exist in the 19th century.

The most cutting edge of the *Matthew Turner*'s 21st century technologies is its regenerative electric propulsion system which stores the energy generated by the natural rotation of the ship's propellers as they move through the water in a bank of batteries, enabling the *Matthew Turner* to stay on course even if it finds itself in the doldrums.



The trim of the *Matthew Turner*'s 11 sails is controlled by almost 100 lines. At right is the bank of batteries that will store energy generated as the ship's propellers turn in the water while under sail. – Courtesy Call of the Sea

Ironically, if Matthew Turner had wanted to be as cutting edge back in the 19th century as Alan Olson is in the 21st, he would have focused his energies on coal fired steamships which were the vessels of choice for shipbuilders on the Great Lakes, along the Eastern Seaboard and throughout the Gulf of Mexico. Instead, Turner Shipyards built scores of wind powered sailing ships, all those aforementioned schooners, sloops and brigs. That's because coal fired steamships weren't conducive to covering the enormous distances between ports on the Pacific, they might be able to carry enough coal to get from San Francisco to Hawaii but not enough to get back. Besides, unlike his counterparts to the east, Turner and his customers in California were far from steady supplies of cheap coal, so coal fired steam technology was then an expensive alternative to free wind.

How expensive? Well, by 1870, as Turner Shipyards was beginning to ramp up production, the handful of small coal mines that had tried to make a go of it just east of San Francisco had already gone out of business, managing to produce only a few thousand tons of sub bituminous coal, the type of the mineral most suitable for generating steam. Steadier supplies of coal could be shipped from the Pacific Northwest, where it sold for \$11 a ton, but by the time that coal reached San Francisco, the price almost tripled to \$28 a ton.

Turner's customers weren't anxious to pay premiums like that, so instead of pushing coal fired steam technology, Turner pushed wind, narrowing the bows of his schooners so they'd slice through ocean waves but also rigging the square and gaff sails on his brigantines so that a captain could respond quickly to a sudden gale or make the most of a dying breeze. By pushing wind, Turner not only helped the new oceangoing sugar and cargo industries that sailed his ships achieve profitability, he set a high standard for sailing vessels at a time when they were actually going out of style.

This legacy permeates every plank of the *Matthew Turner*, which promises to deliver a rich learning experience to the budding sailors who step aboard. But while the principles of seamanship are important to Olson, understanding how sails form pressure gradients to move a vessel, learning to steer, tying a proper knot, he's more interested in the bigger lessons that come from being out on the water where one is subjected to the forces of often unforgiving elements.



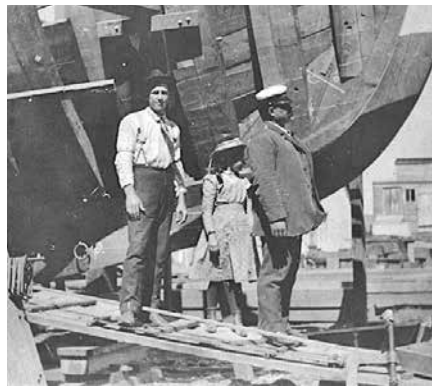
A view up into the rigging of the *Matthew Turner* being built by Call of the Sea.

"The first goal is to get the students physically in touch with nature," Olson says. "That's what sailing is all about. You have to hold onto the lines, you can't just let go. It's not a game. Most everything kids do today is a game, looking into a screen. Being on a ship is nothing like that. This is immediate involvement with nature, with real consequences. What they do matters and so they have to work as a team. They have to trust each other. That's powerful stuff. We have a saying, ship, shipmate and self. That's the order of things."

Matthew Turner would have probably added one more item to that list, family. Indeed, Turner took his promise to Rundle's family, which he embraced as his own, very seriously. He saw to it that the Rundle children, George, Charlotte and Eva, were given proper educations. When George was old enough, he was given a job in the shipyard as a carpenter. When Charlotte and Eva married, their husbands, Charlie Chapman and Nelson Andrews, were hired at the shipyard as well. When the shipyard moved to Benicia in 1883, Ashbeline's children and grandchildren moved there, too. Matthew and Ashbeline Turner, though, remained in San Francisco where they lived until 1903 before moving to Berkeley.

One of Charlotte's children was Eva Turner Chapman (1889-1986), who is the mother of family historian Murray Chapman Hunt and was called Little Eva to differentiate her from her aunt, Big Eva. Murray Hunt's self published family history contains numerous typed and handwritten letters to Little Eva from her doting step grandfather. In one letter dated December 8, 1890, and addressed to "Baby Chapman" (we can assume Little Eva's parents read this letter to their toddler), Turner writes that he has "received a communication from Santa Claus," and "reports of your conduct are good." A doll is mentioned as just one of several possible Christmas gifts.

Other letters are addressed to "Eva the Little," a salutation Little Eva apparently loved even at the age of 88 when, in 1977, she was interviewed about her step grandfather. In that interview, which is also reprinted in Hunt's history of Matthew Turner, Eva describes growing up around the Benicia shipyard, from the way the cabins that were removed from old ships were repurposed as play spaces for the shipyard kids, to the lack of plumbing in the privies, which Eva remembers as emptying directly into the bay.



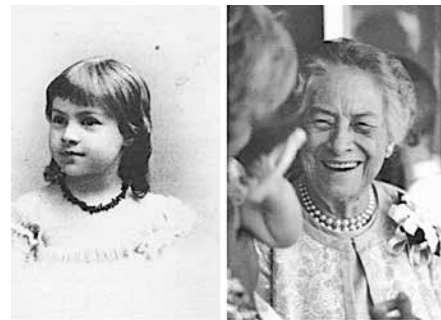
Little Eva (center), the granddaughter of Matthew Turner, spent a lot of time at the Turner Shipyards, pictured above. Her father, Charlie Chapman (right), ran the shipyard from 1897 until 1906. — Courtesy Hunt Family

When Little Eva moved to San Francisco to attend elementary school she lived with her grandparents, which is how she got so close to Matthew Turner. In particular, Eva cherished the times they'd crawl into bed together so he could read to her. "He read Kipling, *Alice in Wonderland* and many animal books," Eva told her interviewers. "We had a close relationship. This was a whole different activity than building ships and he loved it. He could come down to my level."

Turner had loved Little Eva from the day she was born. To mark that blessed event, Turner named a schooner after her. When she was 13, in 1902, Turner asked Eva to christen a second *Matthew Turner*, which, like the first one that launched in 1877, was also a schooner (that makes Call of the Sea's *Matthew Turner* at least the third vessel to bear the shipbuilder's name).

Just as Little Eva had a special relationship with her grandfather, Matthew Turner, Claudia and Eileen had a special relationship with their grandmother, Little Eva. "My grandmother lived in San Francisco, Berkeley and Stockton," Claudia says, "before retiring up in the Santa Cruz Mountains. When Eileen and I were 5, our parents bought a house in Menlo Park, California, but we would spend summers up in the Santa Cruz Mountains, staying in a little cabin across the street from my grandmother's house. There was no phone, no music, no TV up there. It was just visiting grandma and hanging out, playing in the redwoods, going down to the river, exploring."

"She was a very fine lady," Claudia continues, "classy, but down to earth. And she had all kinds of mementos from Matthew Turner's life because she had lived with him and her grandmother during some of her most formative years. She loved her step grandfather, absolutely adored him. I never heard anything about her grandmother, Ashbeline. All I heard about was Matthew Turner, about how he'd tuck her in at night and read her stories. I wouldn't be surprised if she read Eileen and I some of the same books that he used to read to her."



Little Eva at age 5 in 1894 and age 84 in 1973. She lived to be 97. — Courtesy Hunt Family

Today, educators know how important it is to read to children but Turner was likely acting on dead reckoning, to use an ocean navigation term, to determine how best to mold and improve the mind of his granddaughter. To that end, Turner included Little Eva in activities that would serve her well as an adult. "When she got a little older," Claudia says, "he used to let her do the payroll on payday, handing out gold and silver coins to all the workers. And I'm sure he put her through a very fine ladies finishing school in San Francisco. She was very proper," Claudia

dia says. "Even up in the Santa Cruz Mountains, just going to the grocery store, my grandma wore white gloves."

The *Matthew Turner* shares this sense of refinement. As a work of naval architecture, the ship is polished and beautiful, from its sleek lines to the gleam on the brightwork. But the *Matthew Turner* is also tough, ensuring that it won't splinter into so many tons of Douglas fir toothpicks after repeatedly crashing into wave after ocean wave.

"We're building something that will go on well beyond our own lives," Olson says of the work he's doing with his fellow volunteers at Call of the Sea. "We look at the *Matthew Turner* as lasting for a hundred years or more, serving generations of kids, grandkids, and even great great grandkids."



Mailing Address: 3020 Bridgeway #278, Sausalito CA 94965
Office: 60 Liberty Ship Way Suite C, Sausalito, CA 94965
Office Phone: (415) 331-3214 – info@callofthesea.org

Ship's Specifications:

Length Overall: 132' – Length on Deck: 100' – Beam: 25'

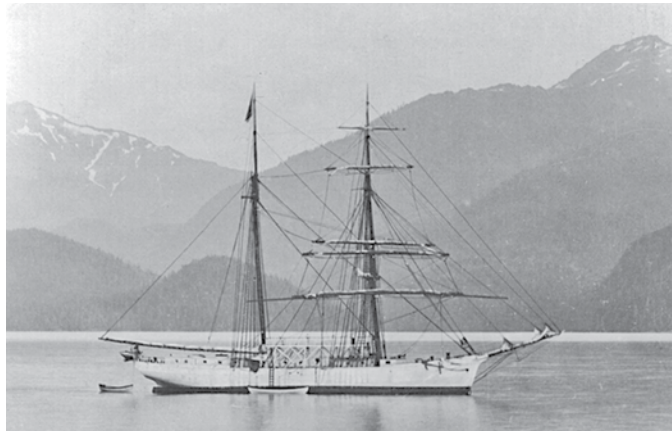
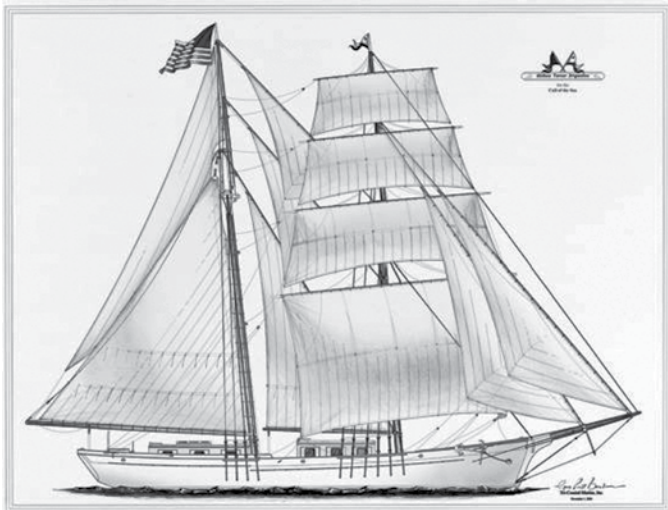
Draft: 10' – Displacement: 175 tons

Sail Area: (11 Sails) 7,200 sf – Height of mainmast: 100' – 38 Berths for voyaging

Constructed with Douglas fir, Oregon white oak, bronze fastenings

Two 200kw electric motors regenerating power under sail

Two 50kw banks of Lithium batteries – Two 265kw bio fuel generators



The new *Matthew Turner* being built by Call of the Sea takes much of its design from another Turner Shipyards brigantine, the *Galilee*, seen here in 1907 near Sitka, Alaska. – Courtesy Hunt Family

Visit our website: www.DowneastWindjammer.com

Keep history alive... Sail on the legend!



151'
Schooner
BUILT IN
1998

3 TRIPS
DAILY

from
Bar Harbor

Tickets available at Shard 19 Cottage Street

Call (207) 288-4585 or (207) 546-2927



Winter Harbor & Schoodic Point
(207) 288-2984

FISHING
TRIPS

Educational
& Lots of Fun!
(207) 288-2373



CRANBERRY
COVE FERRY

Daily Service from
Southwest Harbor/
Manset and
Cranberry Isles



(207) 244-5882

Small Intimate Cruises
Original Working Lobster Sloop
CHRISSY



(207) 288-4585

The Riddle Re-enacted ~ a not so Secret Record of Service

by Sam Griffiths

An East Frisian shoreline

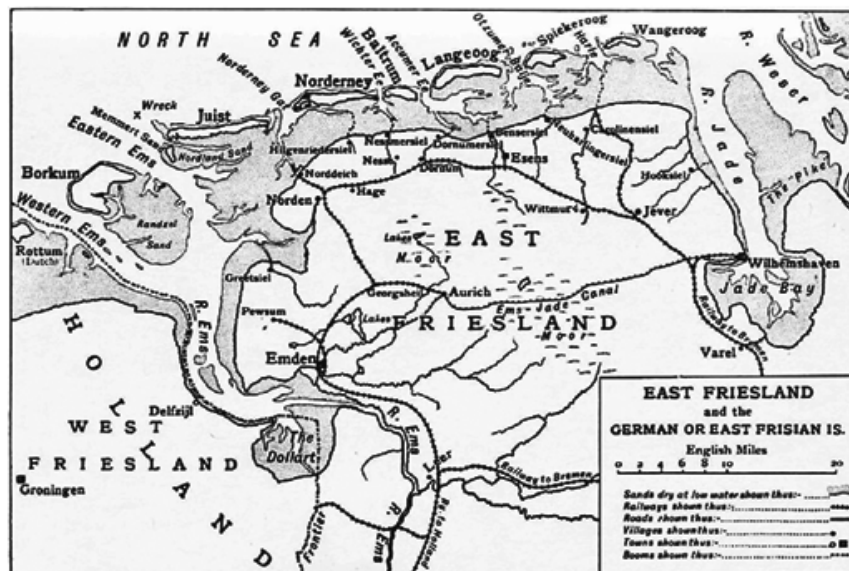
THE FRISIAN ISLANDS. The very words evoke ephemeral tracts of shoals, low lying twists of sands — the very spirit of Childers. No easy place to sail even at the best of times, yet a blustery week in August, coupled with the smallness of our 12ft craft, made the challenge even harder, but all the more interesting. *Pigeonneau*, my Francois Vivier-designed Morbic 12, based in the North Frisian Islands (see DC238) had proved herself a seaworthy little dinghy in my search for new cruising grounds. Like all fans of *The Riddle of the Sands*, I had long wanted to visit the coast that had led to the 1903 bestseller which became the forerunner of Buchan, Greene and Ambler. Indeed, my Grandfather managed to find the real *Dulcibella* in Lymington (see photograph in Malwin Drummond's book, *The Riddle*) and his obsession with the novel is widely shared; there has been a sequel by Sam Llewellyn, a film, a TV series (in Germany), various blogs and even a Riddle of the Sands Adventure Club!

Dreams finally became a reality when I trailed *Pigeonneau* from her island base on Föhr to Hamburg

Airport. 'Carruthers' jumped in (played by my father who is in fact far more of a Davies figure) and we eventually wound up searching for the slipway in Nordeich harbour in order to take advantage of the forecast week of westerlies: we would tackle the islands west to east. A brief chat with the Hafenmeister confirmed that we were fine to leave the car and trailer, but he was more than a little sceptical that we should be heading out at all in a dinghy. Confidence somewhat dashed, we hid from the next enormous rain shower to plan our precise movements. Although the channel was dredged, we were — of course! — beholden to the tide. With it now being 3.30pm, we decided to simply get under way and make a dash for the nearest island, Juist. Yet our departure was the first of a couple of points where disaster nearly struck; a mixture of bad luck and incompetence combined to quite literally nearly sink us.

First, the bad luck: the west-facing slipway ensured we had to beat out of a narrow entrance before heading north, but what's more it was extremely slippery. Anxious about the car disappearing into the sea, we chose to hand-hold the dinghy and trailer and zigzag down the ramp with one of us holding a long rope. This was only just achieved, and I was left wrestling the bow head to wind with water up to my chest!

Dad returned from putting back the trailer as quickly as he could and together we hoisted sail and tried to beat out... but no, whatever we tried we simply could not make headway, rather we slipped sideways, the dinghy wanting to impale its bowsprit into the hard harbour wall. It was all I could do to leap out just before contact and spin us round. By now a small crowd



was gathering to watch these mad Englishmen doing their best not to be 'duffers'. What's worse, we knew the Hafenmeister would be confirming his worst fears as he surely chuckled whilst watching the screen from the harbour camera. Eventually, we did what we should have done straight away – we took to the oars, pulling directly into wind before bearing away out of the long harbour entrance. Yet just as we relaxed, a ferry chose that moment to arrive; it was now a choice of playing chicken with this large craft or sailing closer to the wind and taking its impressive wake, exacerbated by the thin entrance, head-on. We chose the latter course, only to be nearly swamped as it passed us. Epic bailing ensued, yet we were thankful that our kit was safely stowed in dry bags in the bow and we quickly found ourselves reaching powerfully out towards the islands, imbued with a fantastic sense of freedom: next stop the Frisian Islands themselves!



Long winter nights planning, coupled with my experience in the North Frisian Islands, meant that I knew that arriving on high tide is essential unless you want to drag your dinghy anything up to 5 miles up the beach. That is, unless you can find places where low water is still relatively close to dry land. We were aware that Juist had just such a spot and after 45 minutes heading north we tacked west and had a short, wet beat up the southern shore of the island. We soon identified a potential place to pitch our tents, parted through a cloud of seals and leapt ashore, feeling every inch the proverbial eccentric British explorers.

Now, when one dreams up such adventures, the land part nearly always consists of a beating sun, the sea lapping the shore, the tent door invitingly open, the food cooking on the stove. However, for the next couple of hours, a series of 'challenges' (disasters, to be frank), soon faced us on a level that threatened the longevity of the trip. Firstly, we were puzzled as to why, when dragging the dinghy above the high-water mark, it was so heavy and it soon transpired that water had managed

to get into the buoyancy lockers. We then realised that all the islands are bird sanctuaries; landing on such beaches, let alone camping, was strictly *verboten*. Finally, to our horror, we discovered that I had not put the sleeping bags in the waterproof bags at all, indeed, they were soaking wet – the type of error that one often hears about; indeed, it was *de rigueur* for carefree explorers such as Eric Shipton to suffer such misfortune, but this was not the 1930s! It was at this stage when I wondered what Dad, now in his mid-70s, must be thinking: abandoned on a windy, desolate German beach, with a leaking dinghy and a soaking sleeping bag! Flashbacks to him losing it with us children whilst sailing on Scotland's West Coast flickered in my mind, yet to his credit he kept smiling and we quickly came up with an action plan.

As I knew where everything was, I would pitch the tents and start the cooking, Dad would tie the sleeping bags on two wooden fence posts with twine and get the water out of the dinghy by lifting each side, baling and sponging. Both jobs required considerable time, yet we were soon huddled behind a rather unstable sand dune, enjoying both the blissful view and my culinary expertise: Pot Noodles followed by an apple. The wind faded with the light and what with the sleeping bags some way off drying we took a footpath through the centre of the island to the northern shore. With nobody but ourselves, and the way a confused morass of grass and sand, we felt as though we had somewhat replicated Davies and Carruthers' heroic journey to Memmert in order to hear about 'The Plan'.

That Memmert sand bank and Borkum were places we would have to miss out, given the current strength of the westerlies, but when we finally retired to our slightly soggy bags we knew there were plenty of key places from the book yet to discover.

Torrential downpours punctuated the night and into the morning. Knowing that high tide was not until 11am, we hunkered down in the tents, going through every permutation of tide variant. What's complicated is judging the time it will take you to get beyond the next island, as it is the gaps between them where the tide races; meanwhile you want to have at least some water to sail in on the inside of the islands (even in a tiny dinghy). Keen to push on, we forced down some muesli in the tent, donned waterproofs (oilskins being grim for dinghy cruising), packed up and stowed as fast as we could. But not fast enough. Even with a single reef in, we realised that a heavily laden 12ft dinghy is no Hobie Cat and as we passed the westerly tip of Nordeney it became obvious that there would be no time to duck into the harbour; the scene of the dramatic escape with Dollmann in the *Riddle*. A distant view had to suffice. Needless to say, the town is the only one on all the islands that has succumbed to the 'high rises' and we were more than happy to keep sailing downwind, eagerly spotting the buoys that were reassuringly numbered on our waterproof chart. Used to sailing on the mountainous West Coast of Scotland, these flatlands provided almost no landmarks; everything seemed

identical. Additionally, it was also vital to remember the order of the islands, otherwise you could quite casually arrive on completely the wrong one.

'Welche Seemann liegt bei Nelly im Bett?' was the saying (east to west) and it proved useful as we hoped to edge onto the western tip of Baltrum. This was looking likely as we reached the watershed halfway along Nordeney, but with growing despair, it soon became obvious that while we raced east, feeling as though we were being pulled 'down the plug hole', the water was receding even faster. We now had no choice but to follow each marked withy or even *Pigeonneau* would run aground; this is not so easy when sailing down wind, constantly trying to avoid a gybe. I was in a most precarious position sitting on the centre thwart ready to raise the centreboard completely (it was part way down to give us some stability), as the tan mainsail threatened to flip 180 degrees just above my head. Remarkably, Dad was able to avoid this by letting the mainsail out as far as it would go and with relief we were eventually spat out into the main channel between the islands. This gave us more water to play with as we now stemmed the tide, heading into Baltrum's beautiful harbour. This took time of course, but we arrived to onlooking Yachties peering out of their cabins wondering where on earth we had come from. With such an audience it would have been rude not to have sailed right alongside and we duly nudged into the jetty to perfection! The reason for landing in a civilised harbour – something we did for the rest of the trip — was due to the bird sanctuary issue, but also for the fact that these were very quaint, sleepy, almost 1950s-style bays with very few boats.

To add to this throwback to another world, a nearby farmer ploughed his field using a horse. Baltrum was of course traffic-free, a truly magical little bolthole where the Hafenmeister eventually appeared at 18.00, wife



and child in tow. He was more than happy to let us camp out of the still strong wind behind an ancient boat, even letting us use the miniscule wooden shower block, all for 10 euros!

Hauling our kit ashore, we quickly donned our running gear and took a light jog, only to get about 500m before the most dramatic thunder and lightning storm hit us. Diving into one of the ubiquitous *Strandkorb* (beach baskets) we were thankful to be protected as the static fizzed along the street, the storm fleeing nonchalantly east almost as quickly as it had arrived. Tentatively under way again we skirted around the whole island, particularly enjoying the crashing waves on the northern shore, before bolting into the shower block before the next ominous-looking cloud unleashed its fury. The storms eventually abated to the extent that we felt safe enough to pitch the tents and start cooking, but the wind was such that once darkness descended around 9 o'clock (it was now late August), we required little persuasion to crawl into our now mainly dry sleeping bags, pleased with a successful day's work. Hunkering down with the headtorch beaming on to my small paperback copy of the *Riddle* was a delight, knowing that I was lying on the very same area of sand that Childers had explored in the late 1890s. It was already easy to see how his mind would have wandered on to topics of a German seaborne invasion; the 'seven siels and islands' were indeed the perfect hidden gateway for shallow draft boats to avoid detection before pouncing on the unprepared east coast of Britain. Childers' superb writing was able to perfectly capture the atmosphere of these sleepy bolt holes, while he harnessed the zeitgeist with his dastardly depiction of Teutonic figures stridently re-arming a confident, newly unified Germany in the face of a complacent superpower, Britannia.

Rain again dominated our thoughts during the night and into the early morning, but we were eventually able to emerge from our tents and into the shelter of the shower blocks (!) where we took a leisurely breakfast with plenty of tea and coffee and made sandwiches for lunch. The wind and rain soon abated and it was strange to see a little sunshine peek through the low scudding clouds.

The clement weather and luxurious pontoon meant that this time we were able to do a proper stow of the kit. This was no easy feat, as for one thing we had taken a little too much stuff, but the main issue was that *Pigeonneau* was simply a little too small for two adults and camping gear for a week. Whilst everything fitted snugly in the bow (tied on, of course), it did mean that the jib and main halyard cleats were almost trapped, and there was an ever-pervading sense that if we did capsize we may have to simply lose the odd dry bag in order to make emptying the boat a priority. Yet this is the compromise one always reaches with boats; the Morbic 12's size is its great strength when pulling above the high-water mark, while her buxom beam made her a relatively sturdy sea-going vessel. After a short beat out of the harbour under full main for once, we had the most tranquil of sails east at high tide, aiming to try and camp at the far end of Langeoog. As we approached the eastern end the wind died completely. It was starting to become obvious too that this spot was a little too exposed and that continuing on to Spiekeroog and its harbour would be wise. But we were keen to visit the island nevertheless so, while one of us took to the oars, the other ate a sandwich and after what seemed an age we pulled ashore only to find that out of nowhere the wind picked right up and it was all we could do to hold *Pig* head to wind, put in a single reef and abandon the idea of a walk.

We flew off downwind, trying to stay as far south as possible, what with the tide sluicing out north between the islands. Creeping up the inside of Spiekeroog we were pleased to overtake a large yacht that had aimed



straight for the harbour and was now almost having to reach back in against the centre of the tidal race. Once round the large peninsula, it was enjoyable to be able to get onto a different point of sail for once; we hardened up and eventually ended up tacking, still against the ebb, up the long and now very narrow creek to the finish. This was real *Riddle of the Sands* stuff, as we tried to tack just before we touched the sand. Pushing a winning tack just a little too far, we hubristically ran aground, only to be released moments later; thank goodness, we were not on the heavy old *Dulcibella* as we would have made a humiliating spectacle, stranded at the entrance for all to see!

By arriving ashore this late in the day we were now able to look across to the mainland, amazed to see the ethereal tracts of sand Childers so memorably described. They stretched all the way across, pockmarked by myriad shoals, the drifting fog only exaggerating the sense of being dragged back to the late 1800s; it was all we could do to stop searching for von Brüning and his *Kormoran* somewhere out there, docked at one of the *Siels*. Eventually, we dragged our eyes away; it was time to go exploring and for us, this always took the form of running. Eight mesmerising kilometres ensued. The deserted east of Spiekeroog was a riot of wild flowers, misty marshes and, on the north side, sand dunes that reached biblical heights. Yet it was the main town we were keen to see due to the stunning church of St Peter; a futuristic delight, yet in fact based on a Viking design. We arrived just in time for a rehearsal of some description, the Pastor only too happy to explain the daily rhythms of religious life on the island.

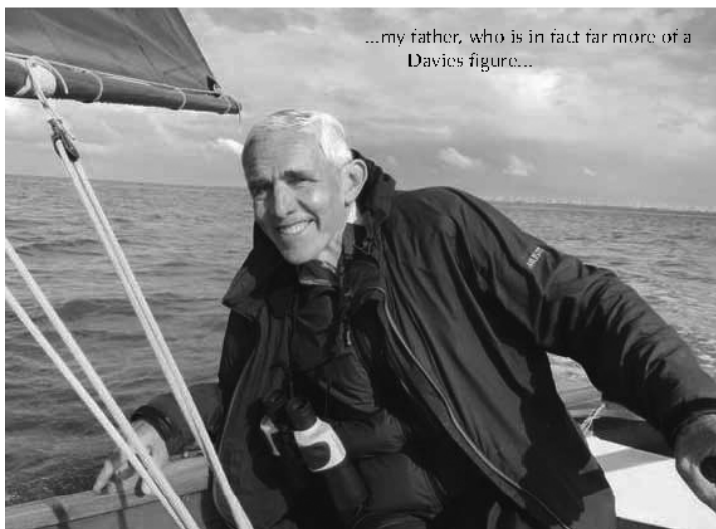
Now somewhat exhausted, we headed back and collected the kit from the dinghy, looking to change by the shower blocks, only to have a huge stroke of luck as someone left the building, kindly holding open the door, inviting us in! Feeling slightly guilty, we nevertheless soaked up the hot shower, shaved and decided to continue this new line of luxury by eating out at a superb local fish restaurant. In high spirits, we returned to base and, using head torches, pitched our tents out of the wind that had





now risen again, and slept, safe in the knowledge we were slightly hidden from the Hafenmeister, whom we had failed to inform of our arrival...

We continued this theme of clandestine activity, à la Davies and Carruthers, as we paddled out the next morning, hoping our inconspicuous little selves were not spotted by the Hafenmeister (aka von Brüning). Enveloped in a misty blanket we crept south, out of the authority's clutches, before we could finally turn east across the shallow bay towards our final island of Wangeoog. The wind slowly built, and although double-reefed, we still bounded along, sitting as far back as we could. Again, Dad was helming, while I sat centrally, crouching low, chart in hand, trying to spot the numbered buoys in order to know exactly where on earth we actually were. It is true that if we were to run out of water, our Morbic 12 would have found a way through the channels, but unless one had a very powerful outboard, inevitably you would be soon stumped as you tried to stem the tide to get to your final destination. The *Dulcibella* frequently dried out as she tried to chart the region, and the protagonists would then take lengthy walks on compass bearings as they waited for the tide to rise. But while this was August and they were there in Autumn, we had no cosy cabin to return to and it was an exposed old place to wait a few hours in an open boat.



...my father, who is in fact far more of a Davies figure...

Occasionally, through the fog, we could see the famous landmark that is the west tower of St Nicolai's church, the rest of the building having been destroyed in 1586 by the incursion of waves (Wangeoog, before the plethora of various sea defences, was swiftly shifting position). Fearing that it acted as a landmark for British ships, it was blown up by the Kriegsmarine at the start of WWI, only for the tower to be rebuilt in the 1930s as a public utility, most notably for the Hitler Youth. We decided to keep well south and eventually, east of this so that we would avoid any desperate sail against the current as we tried to enter the harbour. This proved fortunate as even entering from the east, the flow was such that we were being inexorably dragged west as we hit the main *Pril* (gut). What's more, despite the powerful binoculars, we simply could not make out where the marina entrance lay. After a frantic twenty minutes, we finally spotted where we should go and arrived yet again looking like survivors from some apocalyptic disaster movie. This time, however, there was no fanfare on our behalf as despite there being many boats, there was not a soul to be seen. This is because the train (tram, really) comes out to this rather desolate spot in order to take the tourists and residents back to the island's main town.

Remarkably, one was due in ten minutes, so we quickly took an overnight bag between us, deciding a hotel was the best way to celebrate the final night on the islands! The now standard 'exploratory run' ensued, this time spiced with a dive into the large waves of the North Sea-facing side, safe in the knowledge that a warm shower waited for us.

Mission nearly complete, our final full day bequeathed us some deserved sun and calm winds, just the conditions for a long beat west. Knowing we could catch a bus from any one of the *Siels*, we were less sure if they all had slipways. Google maps (satellite mode), something we had used often, came to the rescue again and we felt we could reasonably reach Neuharlingersiel before the water disappeared. This gave us roughly five hours, nearly all of which were used, to reach a point in line with where we were on Spiekeroog the day before. The journey east the day before had taken us half this time! Hopeful of an empty marina berth opposite the slipway, we eventually bobbed around the corner of the large harbour wall to find just that; it was as though it had been reserved for us!

Gently, Dad brought *Pigeonneau* round one last time and we nudged in to make fast, a glorious glow of satisfaction overcoming us, but not quite, to quote Tilman, as he wrote of his 1937 summiting of Nanda Devi, to the extent that, 'I believe we so far forgot ourselves as to shake hands on it.' We may not have solved the *Riddle*, nor could we claim to have been successful amateur spies. Instead of succumbing to the boredom of the foreign office in late summer, we had ventured into a magical archipelago that still boasted all of the evocative images and atmospheric splendour of the novel. SG

Off to Canada

At the end of the last installment it was July 3. Meg and I were preparing to leave Lake Champlain. We had loaded *Tidings* back on her trailer and were starting the drive north toward Lake Huron. We had a small equipment failure while loading up. The nylon strap on the trailer winch broke. It was an old strap and I had planned to replace it. Now that became a necessity. In the meantime, I secured *Tidings*' bow eye to the trailer with one of the $\frac{3}{8}$ " nylon dock lines that I carry for use in marinas and we started driving.

Our plan was to visit some parks along the route, sail for a few days in Georgian Bay and then head to the town of Spanish, Ontario. I had read that the town marina there had a good launch ramp and a parking lot that was a safe place to leave my truck and trailer for a couple of weeks while exploring the North Channel. We would cruise the North Channel together until Meg ran out of vacation days. Then she would fly home from Sault Ste. Marie.

Some readers may wonder if there is any extra paperwork involved in taking a boat to Canada. I have done it many times. In my experience, border crossings into Canada are quick and uneventful. The customs officers there seem happy to welcome American tourists. They never ask me for documents for the boat and trailer. This time was no different. When asked the purpose of our visit, I explained that I planned to spend about six weeks sailing in the Great Lakes but Meg would be flying home sooner. The officer gave me a smile, stamped our passports and wished us well.

Our route took us past the cities of Montreal and Ottawa. We decided to stop at a shop in an industrial park in the suburbs of Montreal to get a replacement for a defective telescoping aluminum pole on the new ARB awning that I had installed on my truck before leaving home. We arrived about five minutes before closing. Meg entered the shop and used her winning smile and college level French skills to persuade the young man on duty to find and sell us the part.

The roads leading into and through the industrial area were a maze of potholes. Even going slowly, *Tidings* bounced a lot on her trailer. While Meg was procuring the new part, I did a walk around inspection of truck, boat and trailer. I discovered that the mooring line securing the bow eye to the trailer had loosened slightly and *Tidings*' had twisted on the trailer while bouncing along over the rough road. She was not in danger of falling off. But she was not perfectly secure either.

It now being 6pm, there was no way to remedy the problem properly until the next day so I retightened the nylon line and drove at a creeping pace until we reached a smoothly paved road. We stopped at the nearest motel for the night. The following morning Meg did an internet search on her cell phone (we had activated international data plans) and identified a marine supply and repair business that was along our route to Ottawa.

When we arrived there the service technician, a competent fellow named Doug, was kind enough to interrupt his planned work for the day and assist us. First he used a forklift to raise and reposition *Tidings* properly on the trailer. Then he installed a new strap on the trailer winch. Finally, he sold me a ratchet strap and showed me how to rig it to prevent *Tidings*' bow from bouncing off the trailer again.

Tidings' Great Adventure

Season 2 – Part 3

Getting to Lake Huron

By Douglass Oeller
Reprinted from The Mainsheet
Newsletter of the Delaware River
Chapter TSCA

Background

This article is the second in a series recounting *Tidings*' 2019 cruise. 2019 was the second summer of my continuing adventure to circumnavigate the "Lower 48" of the United States in a 19' Cornish Shrimper named *Tidings*. The plan is to do the circumnavigation over a period of five to six years, leaving the boat where she ends up when the warm weather stops each year.

The trip began at Kent Island, Maryland, in May of 2018 and ended for Season One in August in Rockland, Maine. Season Two began in June of 2019 with a shake-down cruise in Lake Canandaigua in upstate New York and continued with cruises in Lake Champlain, Lake Huron, Lake Michigan and Lake Superior. *Tidings* and I traveled several thousand miles by road and a few hundred by water. I hope you will enjoy the stories.

We continued onward toward Ottawa where we spent a couple of days as tourists exploring Canada's capital city. I had learned my lesson about northern cities and potholes, so I left truck and trailer in a hotel parking lot and used the local taxi service to get into the city. Our driver was an immigrant from Africa. I asked how he liked living in the cold climate. He said he could handle the cold pretty well with warm clothing, but the roads were terrible all year long. To him, Ottawa had two seasons, winter and construction. The roads are icy in the winter and under repair the rest of the time. We tipped him generously and wished him well.



Ottawa has a lot to offer the tourist. We took a double decker bus tour, learned a bit about the city's history, admired the impressive government buildings, enjoyed some great Indian food and spent a couple of hours visiting the training center for the Royal

Canadian Mounted Police horses. Meg is a veterinarian and former equestrienne. In her younger years she practiced equine medicine. She really enjoyed the visit.

We learned that the Canadian government has a breeding farm to produce this line of horses. They are Hanoverian horses, all black in color and bred to select for good health and a temperament suitable for police work. Each year the government holds an auction to sell the ones that are not selected to be police horses. We enjoyed a brief fantasy about returning to buy one someday for use as a pleasure horse. My mother often used the expression, "If wishes were horses then beggars would ride." I think if wishes were horses Meg and I would have two from this stable.



The most direct route from Ottawa to Georgian Bay runs through the Algonquin Provincial Park. We were excited at the idea of doing some truck camping and maybe seeing moose and bear. Well, maybe more so the moose than the bears. The park offers various camping opportunities from primitive tent sites to furnished cabins. For our first night in the park we chose a campground that offered tent sites and a bathhouse with hot showers. I did some campfire cooking and we savored being in the "wilderness." Sadly we saw neither moose nor bear, only other campers.



We expected to make it to Georgian Bay the next day, Friday, July 5. But as we slowed down to pass through the small town of Bancroft, I checked my rearview mirrors and noticed that the left wheel of the trailer didn't look normal. I pulled into a parking lot and confirmed that the wheel was leaning inward. Out came Meg's phone and with a quick search she determined that a Canadian Tire store in Bancroft advertised trailer sales and repair. We drove to the store where the service manager took a quick look, proclaimed that the wheel bearing was shot and said he could replace it for us the next day. The tires were also badly worn. He assured me that he could replace those, too.

So I unhooked the trailer, left it there for repairs and got a motel room for the night. Unfortunately the parking lot diagnosis was incorrect. The trailer did need tires and new wheel bearings but the tilt of the

left wheel was due to a cracked axle. Presumably the axle took a lot of extra stress when we drove over rough roads and the boat was not securely strapped down. My fault entirely.

Tidings' trailer is 20 years old. I considered buying a new one but nothing available locally would meet my needs. They were all designed for powerboats. The shop said they could order a replacement axle and other necessary parts to have us back on the road within a couple of days. I agreed to this plan and Meg and I spent the next two days driving around southern Ontario enjoying the sights.

We drove south and west through more of Algonquin Provincial Park toward Georgian Bay and visited the small tourist town of Penetanguishene. Then we went to nearby Midland and enjoyed a three hour tour on the sightseeing boat *Miss Midland*. The weather was wonderful with bright sunshine and wind speeds of 10-15 knots that afternoon. It would have been a glorious day for sailing. We camped in Awenda National Park. Meg was excited to read that the local wildlife includes both moose and flying squirrel. But we encountered only chipmunks and mosquitoes during our stay.

When we returned to Bancroft on Monday afternoon it was to learn that the Canadian Tire store could not find a replacement axle or new tires for my trailer. They could replace both wheel bearings but had not yet done so. I think they were still hoping to sell me a new trailer. I asked them to replace the bearings. When we left the shop, I made a series of phone calls to local welders and found one who could repair the axle the next morning. Meg took to the internet to search for trailer tires. She found a different local tire shop that would order the new tires and have them available in two days. Now we had a plan.

It is easy to get frustrated and upset when vacation travel plans unravel. Over the previous winter I had created a spreadsheet with dates, destinations and possible activities. When the weather was cold and unpleasant I would sometimes daydream about this vacation with Meg, sailing in Georgian Bay and the idyllic North Channel. Instead we got Bancroft, a motel and the Canadian Tire store.

I am happy to say that Meg took it all in stride and by doing so kept me mostly calm. I was disappointed to miss out on some of the sailing time. But I always enjoy traveling with Meg. We joke that one reason we were initially attracted to each other is that both of us are like dogs when shown an open car door. Ride in the car! My favorite thing! The destination could be anywhere. We walked around town, learned about the history of Bancroft and the environs, dined in small local restaurants and discovered a fondness for butter tarts.

On July 10 we left Bancroft behind and set out for more adventure towing a renovated trailer and carrying a box of butter tarts on the front seat in case another equipment failure stranded us somewhere without a bakery. Our route once again took us through Algonquin Provincial Park where we saw about a hundred signs warning us to watch for moose, but never caught a glimpse of a live specimen. We stopped that evening in Sudbury, a mining town famous for its statue of "The Big Nickel." We spent the night in a motel there and the following morning set the GPS destination for Spanish, Ontario, gateway to the North Channel.



Lake Huron

The town of Spanish was quite small, but the municipal marina had excellent facilities. There was a large parking lot where, for a small fee, visitors can safely leave their towing rig. The staff were helpful and friendly. There were showers and laundry facilities. The concrete launch ramp was well maintained. Transient slips were available. And the marina store sold gas, diesel, ice and ice cream. What more did we need?



cabin ceiling paint became smeared with blood and small bodies. I lay in my bunk watching the carnage and making a mental note to secure the screens earlier next time.

The morning of Friday, July 12, we finally went sailing in the North Channel. It was a clear, sunny day with a moderate breeze. The marina was located on a hillside where the Spanish River enters the Whale-



back Channel which is protected from Lake Huron to the south by John Island and Aird Island. There are many smaller islands within this channel. We stayed in the protected area

We launched *Tidings* in the afternoon and got a slip for the night because the wind was blowing 15-20 knots and I did not want to head into unfamiliar waters and choose an anchorage in those conditions. The wind calmed down at sunset. I enjoyed a short row in the dinghy, *PS*, but soon retreated to the screened cabin as the mosquitoes welcomed us to their town and invited themselves in for dinner.

Meg is by nature and affirmation a pacifist. But she makes an exception for mosquitoes. That night her sole ambition was to find and destroy every one that had made it into the cabin before I got the screens secured. She was in full predator mode. The white

enjoying the fine weather and choosing our course based on favorable wind direction. Meg had to get to Sault Ste Marie that evening, so this was just a day sail.

I don't do much day sailing on *Tidings*. Usually I leave an anchorage with a course charted for that night's destination. I found it very relaxing to just go where the wind took us. We saw eagles, waterfowl, beautiful tree-covered rocky islands and a few other recreational boaters. All too soon we had to head back to the marina where I secured *Tidings* once more in a transient slip, loaded Meg's travel gear into the truck and began the drive to Sault Ste Marie.

To be continued...

Conundrum

The Latin term “conundrum” translates, roughly, into English as “we been here before, ain’t we?” At least that’s what I asked while we were on my regular lockdown morning breakfast inspection tour. Since the spoon stopped freezing to the bowl I’ve been taking my cereal bowl along for the looksee. I hadn’t even climbed down from *Lady Bug*’s cabin interior when I did hafta ask about how those now quite vacant hull sides were really supposed to be getting cedar ceiling strips. Then I remembered how I don’t have any 2”x6”s to cut ‘em out of, but I did have a can of leftover antique white house paint. Not the same but mebbe it gets better when the tape comes off.



I was reassured when “put short knap carpet over terracotta paint” was still on the TODO board. As soon as the paint got a bit more dry I could bring that brand new Gucci Marine recliner chair out and try it in the newly demolished and rebuilt cutout. So I left it at that.

Just yesterday, I think it was, I was all hopped up over a new brilliant scheme to turn *Walkabout* into a twin screw boat. If I could get the ‘pox and ply in our Wunderwhut stores, I suspect it’d already be more or less done. Without the real stuff I did a jackleg setup to give ‘er a try as soon as that sort of thing is permissible, or at least prudent. You know that drill!



None of us think what I cobbled together a few months back is really wracking stress resistant enough to be left to its own devices. But just how to fix things without messing things up is the big, er, conundrum.



The View from Almost Canada by Dan Rogers

I mumbled something like, “...just quit worrying about it. Copy the forward slant from horizontal (whatever that might be with more weight aft) and fill it in with 1/2” MDO and ‘pox it into place. Then the paint can make it blend in.



I was already off wondering if the last of the weathered 2”x6” fir bundle and the last of the Trex planks might end up extending the Hobbit House boardwalk. Hard to tell what comes next. I think I saw a shovel next to the wheelbarrow.

May 14, 2020, Wow

At a world juncture when really nobody knows whether to savor the moment or simply endure and hope for better, Jamie the Seadog and I decided to try a bit of the former. We came to our favorite spot and launched *Walkabout* into a gathering squall. The mountains disappeared into a welter of snow clouds. The wind began filling in from the northeast. And I started getting nervous. Our top two first night overnight anchorages don’t afford any shelter from an east wind. It’s not like right where we were wasn’t such a bad choice. Other than a couple of guys who came down to drown a few worms, we do have the marina basin to our lonesomes.



It was kinda surprising. Out on our initial recon into the big southern part of the lake, I was quite certain one of those Mylar balloons was scudding along in that building northeaster until that balloon turned its head. I suppose the crossing is a couple of miles wide about there. It was a deer, just motoring along.

Of course, the wind slacked off, the rain quit and it was later than I really thought prudent to move to the “planned” anchorage. No, I don’t suppose that deer weighed all this stuff. She just waded in and struck out for the other side. Ahhh, spontaneity, elusive spontaneity.

Jamie and I drifted around the hook in the Granite Creek roadstead. Ripples chuckling under *Walkabout*’s bow. Things are pretty durn nice. Reba is singing to us, Hot Stuff is keeping the chill off and Miss Suzi is standing by to take us on up the lake come daylight.

May 15, 2020, Cold Drizzle

Yesterday’s snow is hidden by today’s rain clouds. Jamie and I visited Howl at the Moon Beach first off this morning. Mebbe we’ll do a bit of a renaming. Crusoe’s Island has a familiar touch to it. No other homo sapiens about this morning. We are in several time warps at the moment. Take yesterday.



I had to go through the gas pumps. The entire time I was gassing up *Big Red* and *Walkabout's* several portable tanks, we were the ONLY rig in the place. Craig waved at me from across the parking lot as he came out of the grocery store. Craig and Darrel are a couple of Boomers who work part time at the Safeway. The job used to be called "Box Boy." Now I suppose you could make a case for "Bag Man." Craig was headed out for another cart run. Instead, he came over and chatted a bit with his mask in place and from a steady fathom away.

As I do every time I come to town for essentials, I thanked Craig for doing what he's still doing. Craig sauntered off and I met up with another of those time warps. At first, when I looked at the gas pump I just figured it had shut itself off while Craig and I were BSing. Nope. Everybody was full. I still can't quite accept it though. It has been three months since I got gas. With the grocery store points, I only paid A BUCK AND A HALF for gas! A Rip Van Winkle moment and not a happy one. Nobody else pulled into that dozen bay gas stop. Normally we'd be striking up a bit of banter over "Didja' build that boat?" Not yesterday.

HOTM Beach was quite deserted. Jamie and I were a bit concerned by the possibility of meeting up with a hungry mother bear just up from her winter nap. So we ain't goin' ashore. There's echoes from not all that long ago around "our" picnic table. Funny, I usually can't remember what I had for breakfast just a few minutes ago but looking across the water at that table, wafts of conversation and familiar voices pop right up on the screen. Spooky.

Simon and Garfunkel have been singing their hearts out on our little Nano and speaker trying to cheer me up. Dunno if they ever persuaded Mrs Robinson either. At least the drizzle had stopped and the ceiling was up a bit. I'm guessing we might haul the anchor and see what's happens a ways farther north. OK, underway.

We pulled into the "20 Minute Dock" at the State Park. We spent a couple hours alongside, lunch, naps for all hands and a bit of shore leave. The both of us were taken aback, Jamie more than me.



Normally when we come here the beach goes on around the corner unbroken. This time there's a stream running through it at a good clip. I figured we'd just walk up to the creek and turn around. Jamie just kept going and plop, he was in over his head in fast moving ice water. Of course, in the next split second we were both pretty wet as I jumped in and scooped him up. We hustled back aboard *Walkabout* and got him dried off and my clothes changed. We took another jaunt down that same beach track. Yep, you guessed it, nuthin' doin' for Jamie within 50' feet of that stream.

We sauntered on up around where Nell Shipman filmed her *Nanook of the North* movies a hundred years ago and into the bay just north of where the Camp 9 log deck still remains. Canoe Point. That's where my friend Sip woulda taken his oil truck ashore from the old Mike boat. Those guys were just "getting the job done" as they describe a day at work in the woods but, for a kid who fell asleep nights with Paul Bunyan tucked under his pillow, it was adventuring.

We dropped the hook in the lee of the old log deck and watched the gusts send their footprints in around Canoe Point. Our celestial dome is a mixed bag of cheerfulness and not so much. Still no human sightings. We're in a little crook with great shelter from the south. Not so good from the northwest and, once again, I can't tell for certain back behind the point if Old Aeolis may be sending his harbingers around the corner or from that dirty, ragged rain cloud piled up on the mountains to the west.



We're streaming more or less parallel to the beach and starting to cut the old figure eight downwind from the hook. Better take a beam bearing on that big old snag and make sure we aren't dragging that Bruce anchor through this soft sand bottom. Aye, she's steady there mate and, no, we can't veer any more scope without beaching her on the inshore swing. Thirty yards farther out woulda been sweeter. All that added top hamper on this little girl has turned her into a rabbit on skates sometimes. Mebbe we might try that riding sail again. For now we'll just hold on a bit better in the swings.

I'd be pleased to share some of the best part of this absolutely, guaranteed, BEST LAKE ON THE PLANET we've had completely to ourselves for the past two days. Even if we couldn't sit on a log and swap stories. Even if we couldn't shake hands or sit in *Walkabout's* cozy cabin for a potluck. We could sail to the same places, take pictures of mountains and deer swimming.

May 16, 2020, Aftermath

If you don't like the weather, just wait an hour around here. Yesterday ended up with a just about stupendous rainbow. It actually touched down on the water and, after about 30 minutes, it marched in majestic fashion up the valley between two mountains damn near the infamous Ruby Ridge, truth be told. Or at least off toward Montana. Near as I can tell, was a show just for Jamie and me.

This morning was one of those center of a cotton ball times. Socked in. Took most of the morning to clear. We didn't have any place we'd rather be, so we just hung around on Howl at the Moon Beach and waited for whatever came next.



The sun came out and even a few boats buzzing hither and thither. We had anchored off a completely deserted Reeder Bay Campground to stretch our six legs,

just sitting there, bow out. A speedboat caromed on past, took a tight turn and just shut down. When he didn't restart in a few minutes, we just pulled the hooks and went out to see if he needed help. Nope, the guy was just sitting in the sun, wearing headphones. I explained my concern so he tried his starter, just in case, and we headed on up the lake.

We anchored off the beach where big bux tourists rent cabins from Elkins Resort. There were a couple of family groups digging in the sand and making like it's even warm enough to sunbathe.

It's an odd thing for this Type A to "just sit and watch the ripples." It ain't all bad. I'm told that's what Regular People do alluetime. This does appear to be a good place to do such a thing. Mebbe you'd like to hook up, head out and come along. Next time. Some time. We'll monitor 16.



Rugged. Beautiful.



Combined with WEST SYSTEM 105 Epoxy Resin®, blush-free **207 Special Clear Hardener™** gives the discerning builder excellent wet-out, ideal cure times, superior strength and an unsurpassed water-clear finish.



WEST SYSTEM®

866-937-8797

www.westsystem.com

In a recent issue's "Over the Horizon" Doc Regan mentioned a fishing vessel in the English Channel picking up a sea mine in their net off the Normandy Coast. Pursuant to this, allow me recount the experience of sailing friends from Holland in the port of Pula, Yugoslavia, back about 1968.

The port of Pula is at the southern tip of the Istrian Peninsula. It's history goes far back into antiquity to the Bronze Age and even much earlier than that. While the Romans owned that area they built a coliseum, which today is in far better shape than the Coliseum in Rome where the Romans removed building materials to build their own houses. During the Hapsburg Empire, Pula was their main Austrian Naval Base. After WWI the area was given to the Italians, who used it as their Adriatic Naval Base. After WWII it was given to Marshal Tito who consolidated the various Balkan Countries into what then became called Yugoslavia.

As we sailed across the blue Adriatic from Italy heading for Pula, our first sight of our destination was the Pula Coliseum slowly rising from the horizon in front of our bow. We still couldn't see land, but this will give you an idea of the sheer size of this coliseum. It's a real Adriatic homing beacon that can be seen from miles away. As we got closer to the Yugoslavian coast we could begin to see the mountain ridges, spires of small churches become visible and finally we entered the port of Pula.



The port was huge. From the harbor entrance to the quay in downtown Pula was about five miles. We moored at the quay in the middle of downtown Pula, cleared Yugoslavian Immigration and Customs and were now free to wander around town and go exploring. We went touring for two days.



In the Adriatic and in the Med the center of a town is always facing the harbor. A Dutch sailboat had arrived and had moored behind us. They had two children on board that were the same ages as our children. It was a very enjoyable encounter, but after lunch the wind

An Anchoring Adventure Tale

By Connie Benneck

started picking up and dust and sand from the quay started blowing into our cabins. Ton and Elske said they were going to go behind the island of Otocic Andrija and anchor to get away from the blowing sand and dust. We joined them. With both boats anchored, the children headed for the beach on the island and went swimming, looked for shells and had a grand time. We sat in the cockpit drinking tax free Yugoslavian Pivo (beer) and kept an eye on our children.

Around 6pm Ton's and Elske's children rowed back to our boat, dropping off our children and picked up their parents. We agreed to have a joint dinner together on their boat so we all headed into our cabins and started cooking. A little later, when dinner was almost ready, I looked out of the companionway and the sunny Adriatic afternoon had suddenly flipped and had turned very dark and threatening.

As I watched, heavy rain started falling, the wind increased in speed and intensity and was soon whistling in the shrouds (wind speed of 35mph on our boat) as rapidly growing waves with whitecaps rolled through the harbor. At that moment I saw that Ton's and Elske's boat was dragging its anchor. I yelled to alert them to what was happening but with the wind intensity and wave noise they didn't hear me. I grabbed my Freon air horn and gave them a blast. Ton looked out of the companionway and saw what was happening as their boat slowly disappeared downwind into the darkness hidden by the driving rain.

We only had one anchor on board. I deployed the anchor rode as far as I could. Since our boat was sailing back and forth on the rode, I grabbed some rags and wound them around it where it went through the bow chock as chafing gear. Forget dinner, now we were taking turns holding anchor watch. Does it hold? Will it keep holding?

Maybe a half hour had passed. There was no sign of our Dutch friends. What had happened to Ton and Elske? Then we saw them slowly appearing out of the heavy rain. They were heading back towards the inner harbor of Pula. Their boat was under power and was pitching up and down as the waves rolled under their hull. Ton yelled something as they passed about a hundred feet away but with the wind noise and the wave noise I couldn't understand a word of what they said.

We spent an anxious night alternating on anchor watch. Our anchor held. In the morning the storm dissipated with the same rapidity as it had arrived. One moment it was still dark, a few moments later the sun was out again, but the wind had shifted and we were now on a lee shore of the island. It was time for us to up anchor and go back to the quay to find out what had happened to Ton and Elske last night.

As we arrived at the quay they took our lines and as soon as we were properly moored again our next question was, "What happened to you last night?" My Freon horn blast had alerted them. They then tried to raise their anchor so that they could try anchoring at another spot nearby but they couldn't get their anchor up. Something so heavy was on it that they couldn't retrieve it.

They put the rode over the halyard winch and tried to raise it but that didn't work. They could lift the weight a little bit but the anchor was fouled on something and they weren't able to raise it to clear what might be there. So, under power they headed back to the quay, bouncing whatever was on their anchor across the harbor bottom as they went.

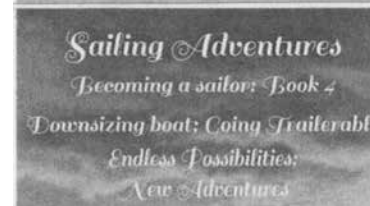
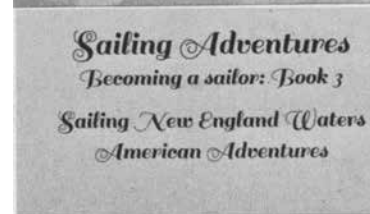
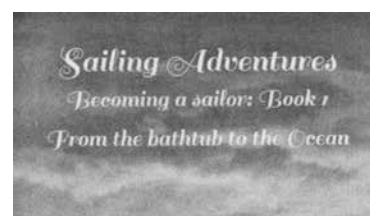
Moored at the quay, Ton went to a nearby cafe and asked a couple of the men sitting there if they would lend a hand to help raise his fouled anchor. His "team," with many sets of hands pulling, slowly began to raise the anchor. As it started to become visible in the murky harbor water Elske, recognizing what was there, grabbed her daughters' hands and raced down a street away from the harbor as fast as she could run.

What Elske had seen slowly approaching the water's surface was a WWII bomb which had been caught and jammed between the flukes of their Danforth anchor. The Fire Department was called. Everyone who had been hauling on the anchor rode got as far away from the harbor area as possible. The Fire Department, using their equipment, lifted the WWII bomb out of the water, took it to a safe area out beyond the edge of town, where its fuse was removed in the morning.

The moral of this story for us was to always have a minimum of at least two anchors with long rodes onboard (later I always had three anchors on board, the lunch hook, the working anchor and the storm anchor). And always buoy our anchor so that if it gets caught on something underwater we can then pull on the buoy line and back the anchor out again.

Sailing Adventures Books 1/2/3/4

By Connie Benneck
Available on Amazon \$14.99 Softcover





Meandering the Texas Coast

Self Reliant

By Michael Beebe

"Self -reliant at an early age." A line lifted from the pages of a book about sailing craft copyrighted in 1928. Ninety-two years ago. Ninety-two years removed from the restrictions society has placed upon us today. The "self reliant" then was encouraging the purchase of a 15' sailing skiff so the youngsters might find the need for mental gymnastics while enjoying being the captains of their own ship, how be it ever so small, and take turns as the days progressed. You can bet the photos of the day didn't show any PFDs. And they were the better off for it as well.

These same youngsters in a decade's span would be off to war. One would be hard pressed to find the same today, coddled as they are. Coddled? Held back more like it. Soon these younger ones would be facing the '30s, becoming self reliant on the backwaters of the bays and such would stand them in good stead for the hard years ahead. Oh, how I wish it were the same today, others wish as well. To be off in a small boat, a blanket, a sack of grub, a loaf of bread, stick matches, the ships hatchet and a pocket knife, not much else was needed.

Another kid growing up a few years later was Tom Brown, growing up wandering about the Pine Barrens of New Jersey. My, how that state has changed over the years. But then, all states have changed. We have changed. Growing older, some of us revert back to the simpler things.

When youth took me across this land hitchhiking, one stop at an uncle's house in Salt Lake, he would take us up into the canyons for an evening's walk after dinner. Just enjoying being amongst the trees and wildlife so close to home yet so far removed. I was 20 then, over time I've grown to appreciate more of the same, much more so than that tender age of 20 when I thought I needed to move on. My uncle understanding, encouraged me on to Australia. I never made that jump, but I did take away loads of encouragement, sprinkled abundantly with self reliance.

Where has it gone? Was it sold to the Chinese? Given to the Russians? Or were we robbed blind by our very government?

Another Line

Another line lifted reads, "But where such knowledge has remained, the price in suffering has been paid."

I've not crossed oceans and my education suffered, but I've slept fully clothed with a blanket over my head sailing coastal Texas in July. Rewarded by tug captains giving a thumbs up while taking a picture on his cell phone, yet the next day a different tug captain is cursing loud and clear over his bull horn because another sailor anchored his craft to close to the tug's line of travel. Yelling and cursing me, asking if it was my boat, yeah

right, I can hardly sail the one I'm in. Another tug captain kept his light on me most of the night, we were both anchored. Sleepless nights swatting mosquitoes. Small prices to pay for the beauty seen.

Locally I've seen the heron's courtship dance, I sailed over, around and on top of hundreds of cow rays migrating north, so many that they were banging the bottom of the boat, shared only by a kayaker while the sport fishers sped on by. Other times surrounded by dolphins over and again.

Doing the splits at the dock might not be considered suffering, especially when the good Lord spared me the embarrassment with an empty dock. Fighting the SW winds trying to gain a few miles to spend the night at anchor before sailing north another 50, but the reward did come with the wind keeping the bugs at bay and the following morning the boat found a slot that stretched for miles before the tiller had to be moved. Such things for me are rare. I don't mind paying, I really don't, the paydays are memories only a relative few get to see.

Years back, foolishness kept me on the water way into the night, the reward came with the setting sun and thousands upon thousands of sparkling diamonds dancing on the late winter's water as the sun set into the western sea.

My Wife

My wife sent me a text this morning, it read, "It's nice and breezy, you should be sailing." What's a fellow to do with a love note like that. It was nearing 11am so I closed shop and went home, made a lunch to take with me, hooked up the trailer and just before I wrote the note, "Gone sailing," my wife drives up, exits her car and says, "I see you're taking your wife's advice." And I was off.

The breeze at the harbour seemed a bit more than back at the house, I'd be leaving the dock with the first reef in on *Red Top*, a Lehman 12'. As I was tying in the reef after launching at the dock's end, the place got busy. Several guides came in and other sport fishers. The amount of wind made me think about the second reef, it wasn't finished yet, what if? I threw a strap aboard if I needed to finish out there. My repair kit has needle and thread as well.

It was breezy. Checking later the gusts were hitting 28mph. The fisher persons who were out were all huddled behind the spoil islands, a couple of diehard fishermen were out on the larger bay. It was a nice sail, one of those get a lot of exercise type of sails. My feet were often on the downhill side of the cockpit while I'm leaning to windward. I was wearing my harness, the two anchors were

tied off port and starboard, nothing was rolling from side to side for a change.

At Palm Harbour I decided to go out across Este's Flats and tuck back in to the ICW through a cut about a half mile south I passed a bit earlier. With the wind stirring things up the clarity of the water disappeared. I got through the cut without having to jibe or come about. Passed by a couple of wading fishermen. Going back into South Cove I would be jibing. High wind jibe, as I've heard it called. I've been practicing some so it came off smoothly.

Just remembered thinking to myself when tacking out of the harbour letting down leeward leeboard, pulling up windward while going through the eye of the winds, sliding my butt from port to starboard or vice versa while at the same time tending the tiller and flipping the mainsheet over my head. If I miss a step it'll get wet real soon.

It all went off without a hitch, all the fishing people had left except for one. His boat at the dock, I see him push a large cooler off onto the dock and he gets off his boat and walks towards the parking lot. Ah, he's getting his trailer. Tacking back out into the inner harbour a couple of times while waiting for him. He'd tied his boat up smack dab in the middle of the same dock I need to use.

The tug that had tied up to a barge earlier is blowing smoke, he'll soon be leaving, that'll put me in a tight fix. Finally the fellow backs his truck and trailer down the ramp and open both doors of his crew cab truck and takes the longest piss I'd ever seen. Another tack back out into the inner harbour.

I'm luffing up biding my time, the tug is revving his engines, blowing smoke, the captain is starting to get impatient, both of them. The fisher guy finally unties and puts his boat on the trailer, wind giving some problem. I'm behind him, coming in and with dock lines ready, the wind coming over the port beam, pushing the rudder down, the bow swings around and I step off onto the dock.

His girl says, "You got this down!" which brought a smile to my face. Before leaving the dock earlier on my way out I raised and lowered the sail three times, forgetting something each time, with the dock then full of fishermen from all the boats that had come in while I was preparing to leave. Had she seen me then, she'd been rolling her eyes.

Mother's Day and Tiller Notches

I was able to add another notch on the tiller end today, I was actually reminded to do so. Earlier this morning I was jokingly telling Linda maybe I'd go sailing today, on Mother's Day. Her pat answer, "Go ahead," a go ahead without the threatening dark clouds of "You'd better not." Linda isn't like that. She is gracious and giving, if company is coming

to dinner and I'm off sailing and don't make it back in time, No biggie, no really, no kidding, she is like that.

The notch came at the end of the day because, at her suggestion, I put *Red Top* in at the ramp at Little Bay. Mother's Day was to be spent at the side of Little Bay. A local restaurant has a food truck selling a variety of their menu, Linda's mom, Brett and Katie, we had a late lunch there on the grass next to a grass covered Palapa. It offered shade, the chairs and blanket gave all a place to sit, eat and visit.

Red Top was there at anchor in knee deep water with an east/northeast wind, some gust to 20, it was quite nice. I took Brett out for a little bit, dropped him off and sailed down the bay alone and back to pick up Linda. With the area chosen having a sandy bottom it was easy stepping off and holding the boat steady while Linda got in and then we were off.

This is where the notch comes in on the tiller. Today a fifth notch was added to the tiller end. My tiller is a slightly shaped 2"x4" that gets a coating of Linseed oil from time to time, it's not like I'm notching a high class varnished tiller, no not at all.

Linda doesn't really care for *Red Top*, the cave forward under the short cabin top is what bothers her. The five notches on tiller end represent the five times she has sailed with me on *Red Top*. This refresher course in her likes and dislikes tell me when I put the Javelin back together it will be an open boat. She liked the Lightning, I didn't, sorry boys.

We've had some good times with boats over the years, today in one of our moments of laughter I said, "There aren't any spiders aboard," which gave us another round of laughter. The story behind that, on a Trailer Tri 16 in the Sacramento Slough near Stockton, Linda was joining me for a night on the boat tied to a dock. While we were watching sunset, with backs against cabin, a spider starts letting itself down with a single thread, a tiny little spider. Linda don't like spiders. Watching the thing out of the corner of my eye, thinking maybe she doesn't see it. Linda says aloud, "I see it!" And that night she sleeps in her car.

So *Red Top* has another notch in his tiller. Each notch has its own story, none are disastrous, all good. She even wants to make this a tradition on Mother's Day. Fine by me. I'd like another dozen or more tiller notches. Yes sir.



The Moaning Chair

We all have one, boat builders anyway, the Moaning Chair. A chair in which the builder sits and says, "%+*\$#@%", what did I just do?" Today I used the chair from a different perspective. I'd been working on a project off and on now for more than a year, more off than on. Maybe going on two years. It's been so far so good except that I now wish I had not decided to cut the transom off 31" making the Widgeon a nesting, sort of, dinghy. One of those.

What did I just do moments after the fact? Oh well, what's done is done. The chair gets used for moaning at times, reflection and thrown into the back and taken to the only place for early morning coffee where the boys could still gather out in front of the gas/minimart/Mexican fast food/coffee shop, the only place in town where the owners didn't mind the boys hanging around out front as long as 6' was the rule. When six, seven or eight fellows show up with lawn chairs set up in front of the store the sidewalk was blocked at times. We even had a Highway Patrolman show up and shoot the breeze some morning, once there were two of 'em.

But today at the shop I was using the chair, not to moan but to ponder my next move. I thought I had the job all planned out. What I was doing was creating a berth where the factory seats used to be. I'd removed both port and starboard seating last year, creating much more comfortable seating. This berth top was to be in three pieces, stacked on the aft deck, also not factory, when not in use. Well, with the berth top in position but not sectioned yet, I sat in the chair and started to see the possibility of another way. With brakes applied, I unplugged the saw and sat down and starting thinking.

So far nothing coming, the top part of the brain is empty along with the other parts not showing much life as well either. Best thing to do is wait a spell. I can use the boat as is and I just might do so. Sometimes inspir-

ing ideas come while upon the water. The picture shows the berth top, port side, with the forward end opened up for the feet when sleeping. About six months ago I had different berth top, almost even with the center-board trunk. Too high, felt as if I was about to roll overboard several times during the night. Lowered, I'm hoping this new location will work. Soon I will spend a night out and find out firsthand.



For those who know there is simply nothing better than messing about in small boats.

Traditional Small Craft Association

Join like minded friends in more than 30 chapters across America.

Visit TSCA.net and sign up today.

Some Old Paddles

By Harri Luukkanen

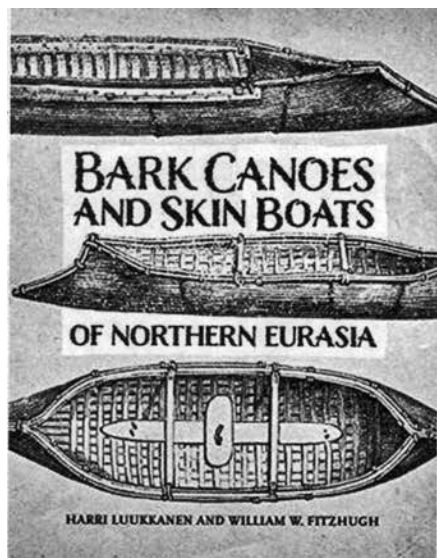
Here is a photo of old paddles, the left three are replica Saami stone age bark canoe paddles from NE Finland, the right two are Mansi tribe log boat paddles from Ob River, W Siberia, ca 1890.



Bark Canoes and Skin Boats of Northern Eurasia

By Harri Luukkanen

About this canoe history book: It is ready and printed but stored until the corona is over. The Smithsonian Press is postponing publication until September 15 as book shops are closed and universities as well. I hope it will be sold in autumn as planned.



CANOE SAILOR



Development of the ACA Rig

By Chuck Sutherland

Before Larry Zuk designed the ACA lateen sail and rig in 1981, the sails for canoes were hard to set up or use and many had to be designed individually and made for a traditional cruising class sail canoe. For ACA racing the traditional wooden canoe, designed for paddling, had to be measured for a specific sail area to make different size canoes fairly competitive. Each cruising class canoe had a sail with a specific size which often had to be custom made. Other sails such as the Grumman, Old Town and Peterborough sails made for canoes were sometimes sluggish or cumbersome. Mad River canoe had a commercial 55sf rig for a short time. A variety of canoe sail rigs made it hard for canoeists to sail together.

The ACA sail and rig were designed for canoe paddlers who were on trips to set up, take down and stow quickly and easily. It was also designed to enable more paddlers to take up sailing a canoe. The sail was also designed for cruising class racing. In 1983 the ACA class started as a racing class. Chuck Tummonds, a canoe sailor and at the time Commodore of the ACA, helped Larry refine the design.

Larry Zuk wrote "To try to fill the need for an introductory sailing rig for most commercial canoes that is efficient, relatively inexpensive and can be made by most canoeists, I designed the ACA Class rig and developed the sail through four prototypes. I gave the rights to the American Canoe Association Sailing Committee. The sail is a cruising sail for day sailing or taking trips with a camping

outfit. For that purpose the rig had to be simple, lightweight and efficient so that it would move the canoe in light air but would be still manageable in a stiff breeze yet not too high for getting under tree limbs when coming ashore. It had to be quickly hoisted, lowered and stowed by the crew underway in the canoe and the boom had to be high enough to clear the sailor's head when he is sitting in the bottom of the canoe, where he should be so he can see and doesn't have to be ducking the boom all the time.

Of course, the racers wanted to race the rig so, after consultation with many sailors, I developed a simple set of rules which made almost any commercial canoe eligible for the ACA Class and the rig is also eligible for the cruising class on most canoes. The Class became an official ACA sailing class and also an official class in Finland with other countries considering adopting it. The rig has been relatively successful as we have already sold more than 450 sails and people keep sending me pictures of canoe sailing with it in Europe, Africa, Australia, etc.

The sail is very well made of extremely fine sailcloth and is sold at the price at the sailmaker plus shipping cost. There is no dealer's profit. Along with the sail we send instructions for making the rig from wood or aluminum, and setting the rig on your canoe.

National Sailing Committee

American Canoe Association

2210 Finland Rd, Green Lane, PA 18054

<http://canusail.org>



A Canoeing Reminiscence

By Daniel B. Goodsell 1936

Sailing Canoes

In 1902 I became interested in forming a class of canoes built to English rules and designed a flat bottomed, straight sided boat to rule 17'x42" with 135sf of sail and a displacement of 520lbs fully loaded.

They were built by W.F. Stevens, now of Bath, Maine. I had in mind a possible International Challenge for the supremacy of canoe sailing. Strange to say, such a challenge did not occur for 30 years until the New York Canoe Club Cup was won with a similar boat built by the Englishmen.

I was much pleased when I won the two mile to leeward and return race at Sugar Island in 1906, I believe in a light wind but cannot say that I considered the boats fast. There were three of them built by Frank Moore, Herbert Turtle and myself. My boat was sold to a member of the Oakland Canoe Club of California and later was destroyed by fire.

I continue to believe that there is a field for such a boat and hope to see them developed.

Years Roll By

Successive camps at Sugar Island rolled by, one much like the other, until other interests claimed my time and then came the World War. In 1913 I visited the Royal Canoe Club on the Thames and also the Bembridge Sailing Club in the Isle of Wight. After the war I was in the south and lost touch with the ACA. It seemed too far away and took too much time.

While in Washington after the war Jesse Armstrong looked me up and we went to the Washington Canoe Club where we borrowed a canoe for a trip on the Potomac. It was a beautiful moonlit night and we stopped at the barges along the river front where dancing was in progress and lolled along the river until daylight, we had much to recall.

In 1929 I found myself in the vicinity of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and attended the meets in that year and in 1930 and 1931. In 1930 I took with me to camp George Fezell, a nephew of Walter Breitenstein, who was

an old pal and at one time prominent in the ACA. We drove north to Algonquin Park and then to the meet.


And now, alas, I come to my last meet. Sad through parting for the last time with my old friend, James W. Hand, whom I had known intimately for over 40 years and was never to see again.

While putting up my Marques tent I caught my foot in its folds and fell on the floor onto the sharp rocks, breaking two ribs. Jesse Armstrong and Jack McKay took me over to Gananoque in Jack's launch. When we were passing Jackstraw Light the motor backfired and filled the cabin with smoke. Jack's man was in his cabin and we were worried until he struck his head out. The boat drifted close to the light and the motor started just in time to clear it. Jesse and I were both cripples. A Japanese doctor fixed me up and I drove my car home alone, covering 500 miles or more.

And now, in closing, I want to say that canoeing to me has been a life interest never to be lost sight of, that I have benefitted greatly by contact with it, I feel sure. Outside of the excitement and pleasure of sailing unknown waters and in racing, it familiarized me with the use of small tools both for wood and metal working with intricacies of knots, splicing and bends, not to mention the design of hulls and sails which I have found to be a fascinating activity.

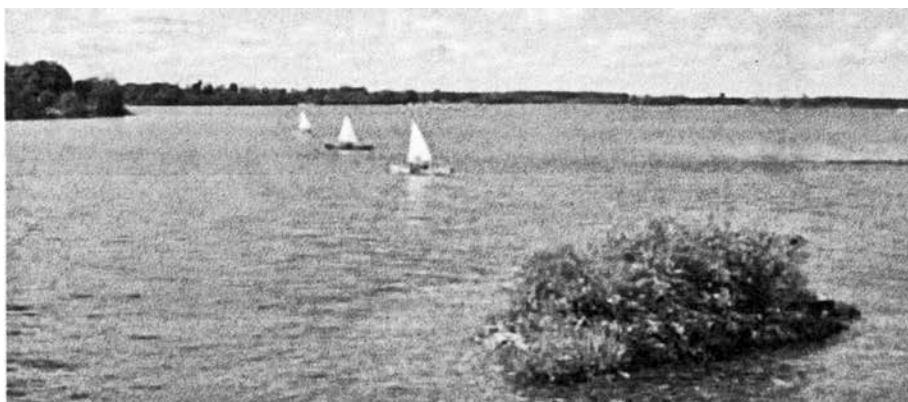
At times the ability to splice and work with almost any kind of tool has lifted me over the hard spots and given me a confidence that has been well worthwhile. I feel that I owe much to canoeing as a sport, that it has been an education as well as a means of recreation that few sports can offer as much.

This monograph is my legacy to canoeing, left in the hope that it might inspire others to go and do likewise.



**MYSTIC RIVER
BOATHOUSE**

MAAS ROWING SHELLS
AB INFLATABLES
PUFFIN DINGHIES
HONDA OUTBOARDS
THULE RACKS
SHAW & TENNEY OARS
55 Spicer Ave., Noank, CT 06340
(860) 536-6930



WEST WIGHT POTTER OWNERS WEB SITE

Technical & Modification Data


List of Potter Owners Worldwide!

Great Sailing Stories & Helpful Tips

No Dues.....Just Information!

www.wwpotterowners.com

Wooden Canoe Heritage Association

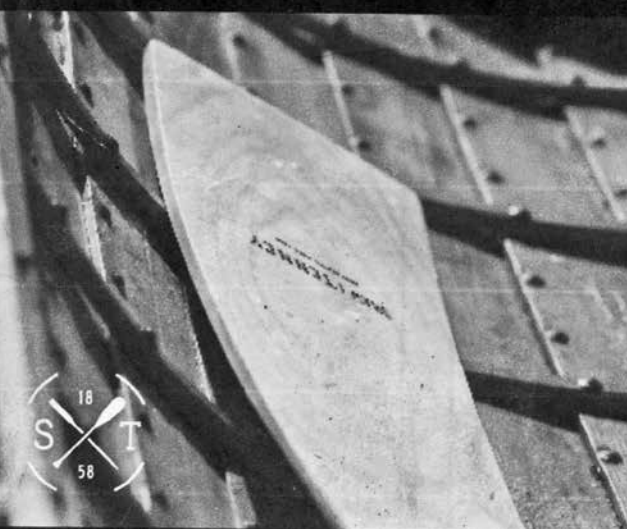


Join the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association today and receive six issues of *Wooden Canoe*, the full-color journal of the WCHA. Other benefits of membership include local and national events throughout Canada and the United States, on-line research and repair help, and wooden canoe-themed merchandise.

www.WCHA.org
603-323-8992

SHAW & TENNEY

MAINE CRAFTED SINCE 1858



Makers of the world's finest
wooden oars and paddles.

Gear and Hardgoods for Life on the Water
800-240-4867 • SHAWANDTENNEY.COM

Gray Fleet

During the Coronavirus outbreak I kept myself busy by studying language families ranging from Uralic to Afro Asian as well as the well known Indo European. Click languages are fascinating but some of the Caucasian languages that have only two vowels are impossible. At least one language has eight cases that seem to have no correlation to much of anything and seem to have no consistency at all. You just have to learn this by rote. Unfortunately, the distinguished professor from Columbia did not cover the Pentagoneze language family of which Naval is a distinct dialect.

Those of you who are not linguists will discover that unfamiliarity with Naval can have little comprehension of the plethora of reports daily spewed from the five sided Cathedral of Wisdom, for example, the opening sentence. Having been a linguist during my four years of military duty, I will attempt to translate Naval to English.

"The Navy's ship based weapon systems under development include the EMRG, the GLGP (aka HVP) for use on UAVs and for ASCMs. This refers to the EMRG (pronounced "Emrg") that is the electro magnetic rail gun that creates massive potential electro magnetic power that suddenly is released to fire a projectile at astonishing speeds. Like cannon balls of old, these projectiles do not explode upon target contact but simply go right through it at supersonic speeds.

The GLGP (pronounced Gl' gp' using a fricative and a glottal enunciation) translates as Gun Launched Guided Projectile, sort of like a torpedo for surface ships. It is also known as an HVP (Hoov' pa) or high velocity projectile. The HVP/GLGP can be used from an UAV (You' ah va) or Unmanned Aerial Vehicle (vs the UWAV or the Unwomaned Aerial Vehicle). The HVP can also be used as an ASCM (Ass' cam) that is not a proctoscope, as originally thought, but an anti ship cruise missile. Actually, an ASCM is a lot like an instrument that a proctologist uses.

From a Navy report I quote, "Current Navy efforts to develop SSLs include the SSL-TM effort, the Navy ODIN, the SNLWS Increment 1, also known as the high energy laser with integrated optical dazzler and surveillance (HELIO) and the HELCAP. The first three efforts are included in what the Navy calls the Navy Laser Family of Systems (NLFoS) effort. NLFOS and HELCAP, along with technologies developed by other parts of DOD, are to support the development of future, more capable shipboard lasers." You just can't make this stuff up.

Mr Trump's Acting Secretary of Navy, Tom Modly, resigned under pressure for castigating the Commanding Officer of the *USS Theodore Roosevelt* who publicly pleaded for assistance when over 750 crewmembers became ill (including himself) with the Coronavirus. SecNav Modly technically was correct in firing Captain Bret Crozier who was supposed to file a report in triplicate to the task force admiral who then would establish a team of investigators to ensure the accuracy of the report. The team's report would be forwarded for comment to several other commanding officers before forwarding their conclusions to the fleet commander who would also create a team to investigate the investigation and then write a report that would eventually head to the Chief of Naval Operations Office where it can be coded, prioritized and filed for a time when the CNO



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

could review it. He would then pass it to a minion (the Pentagon has a gargantuan number of minions) for dealing with the issue.

I dare anyone to tell me I am wrong in my assessment of the above. I served with guys who survived the *USS Pueblo* hijacking and crew of the *USS Liberty* attack.

The Congressional Research Service's Navy Force Assessment denounced a massive disconnect between the Defense Department and the fleet. Gee, I wonder why? Since President Trump took office there have been six changes of Secretary of Navy, that includes Acting SecNavy (in about three years). He has also moved five men in and out of the Secretary of Defense chair.

Ronald Reagan had two Secretaries of Navy in eight years. Bill Clinton had two in two terms. Barak Obama had two in his tenure. Is there a correlation here?

Sherwin Williams does more than manufacture paint. The corporation recently won the coveted Charles G. Munger Award, the Eric S. Kline Award and the Military Coating Projects Award of Excellence. They have been pioneers in anti fouling non copper coatings and durable industrial paints. Their SeaGuardHS Epoxy is particularly good for Military Sealift Command ships such as the *USNS Millinocket* (T-EPF-3).

New York Mayor Bill DeBlasio greatly praised the dredge crew from DonJon Marine of Hillside, New Jersey, for their astonishing swiftness in clearing Berth #4 for the *USS Mercy*, the Navy's hospital ship. The dredging company removed 90,000 cubic yards of material to a depth of 40' in eight days, almost a week under the most optimistic prospect.

Mayor DeBlasio expedited federal, state and local authorizations, permits, licenses and falderol so the company could commence immediately. They hauled the dredge *Dela-ware* out of drydock ten days early, sent three tows and a trio of tugs to Manhattan. They ferried workers from New Jersey to the terminal site around the clock. This amazing feat provides proof positive that American people can do incredible things when they have to.

White Fleet

If Covoid-19 doesn't bankrupt the cruise lines, the legal entanglements probably will. Dr Grant Tarling, Carnival Cruise Lines Medical Director, found a note slipped under his door stating that the *Grand Princess* may be carrying Corvid-19 ill patients. He did nothing for at least a day, then he added gloves and hand sanitizer for workers while the passengers mingled freely at a buffet and 20 restaurants plus a dozen shops. Finally, the crew told customers to retreat to their cabins for isolation. They all crowded into packed elevators and went to their beds.

Carnival's *Diamond Princess* had, at one time, more cases of the virus than China (according to *Bloomberg Business News*). Overall, Carnival had 1,500 people tested positive for the virus.

Carnival has a long, long record of irresponsibility including a \$40 million fine for pollution. Critics have lambasted the company for chronic unpreparedness, violations of law and emphasizing profits over the welfare of their passengers.

The coronavirus has placed substantial burdens on the industry. Carnival, Norwegian, Oceana and Regent Seven Seas have all cancelled bookings until at least August 1. Norwegian announced that at least 50 of their ship workers have tested positive for the virus. Meanwhile, Cunard declared that *Queen Mary*, *Queen Elizabeth II* and *Queen Victoria* would not sail before autumn.

The Big Three Cruise Lines have laid off over 100,000 workers. Royal Caribbean, Carnival and Norwegian are in desperate shape because they have to have an infection certification clearance by the Center of Disease Control prior to leaving port. Called "floating petri dishes," these ships need to be cleaned up and sanitized before they are able to face CDC. Also looming on the horizon is rehiring issues because over 95% of all crew are not Americans. Finding an experienced and able crew will be extraordinarily difficult.

Amid deep concerns about whether the cruise industry will survive after the coronavirus, stocks have plunged over the last three months leaving Wall Street, shareholders and the companies in a dour mood. Nevertheless, Carnival announced that, as of August 1, eight of their ships will hit the trail (inept phrase, huh). Three ships will leave from Galveston, three depart from Miami and two will sail from Cape Canaveral. The CDC has put a halt to all cruise ships until the end of July, therefore, this planned commencement of commerce may be grounded at any time. All things cruise line considered, a little autumn trip to the Caribbean seems risky.

Reporting on the White Fleet and the Merchant Fleet is exasperating. Each day companies, industry watchers and Wall Street comment on shipping and cruising and each day they will proffer talking heads who contradict other talking heads within the same entity. Each will utter statements directly opposite to those elite spokespersons of the other group. Worse, each of these folks will take back what they said the previous day. The conclusion is rather simple, no one knows what the hell is going on or what the hell will happen. It gets even more interesting when the people inside the Beltway, especially elected political leaders of both parties, spew forth quantities of worthless information or meaningless insights when everyone knows they do not have a clue. Ignore the news and be uninformed, pay attention to the news and be ill informed.

Merchant Fleet

Cosco Shipping Lines, in spite of the Covoid-19 pandemic, has opened a new US East Coast East Mediterranean shipping route. This route includes shipping between and among the US, Italy, Spain, Turkey, Israel, Egypt and Greece. Cosco has 401 routes on the books plus 255 international services. The company also has 58 China routes and 88 Yangtze and Pearl River routes.

CNBC's Jim Cramer quoted a tanker company CEO who said that oil is virtually sunk. The cost of crude is lower than the cost of storage and transport which is a death knell to oil drillers in the US especially for those fracking, wildcatting and transporting. The glut is to the point that no one has any

more storage space. This will have a long term impact on oil stocks and related companies (the sigh is from this dolt who owns EXXON stock and has a propensity to write something in this magazine). On the other hand, those of you without holdings in oil will enjoy the low cost at the pump. (\$1.19 as this is being written, and I drive a 30mpg Subaru).

The Pacific Merchant Shipping Association revealed that April was horrific for West Coast Ports. Los Angeles was down about 26%, Long Beach inbound was down 5%, NWSA down close to 30% and Oakland fell by 10%. The Atlantic and Gulf ports did no better with Houston and Charleston down between 18%-20% each and Savannah over 21%. The transportation grid is a mess. Little is coming from Asia, or entering it either, and darn near everything has components from Asia. One arms dealer noted that ammunition is scarce because most of the chemical elements and brass comes from China. Try buying 9mm bullets in Iowa! On the other hand, shootings have increased greatly in Cedar Rapids. Evidently the gang bangers have no problems with pistols and ammo.

Dr Shahi Kumar waxed eloquently on the issues facing the Merchant Fleet of the world. Several factors challenging the fleet are the mandated transition to low sulfur fuel by 2021, Brexit, tanker war in the Strait of Hormoz and the collapse of crude oil prices. The trade tensions between China and the United States that has been "the main driver of shipping market growth for the past two decades" has been nullified. Experts anticipated a slower growth in fleet economy but they did not anticipate the Covid-19 panic. Flooding greatly decreased traffic on the Mississippi, as did the tariffs on soybeans and basic infrastructure. This, added to the China/US trade problems, complicated the dry bulk transport on the Inland Waterways.

The earnings on Cape-size ships (able to ship 170,000 tons) and Panamax (70,000 tons) fell dramatically. Tankers have had similar economic nose smasher concerns especially because of the "mine is bigger than yours" battle between Saudi Arabia and Russia. Crude prices fell to negative numbers where it was more costly to store oil than to sell it for a loss. Iranians hit two oilers in the Strait of Hormoz and tankers have avoided that region, the US has sanctions on ships carrying Venezuelan oil movements virtually slowing them to a halt. This alone idled 50 Cosco Very Large Crude Carriers.

Fourteen Tennessee River barges broke free and slammed into a house on the bank causing significant damage. The barges, owned by Inland Marine, were heading south under tow with the *MVRoger L. Knight*. The US 64 bridge seemed vulnerable but quick action kept it safe. The not so pleased Coast Guard is investigating the incident. Perhaps the house owners were not so pleased, also.

Cenac owned Main Iron Works of Houston, Texas, built a new 100', 6,000hp ASD tractor tug for Bisso Towboat Company. The engineers implemented the Selective Catalytic Reduction system that converts nitrogen oxide into ammonia (urea). This is absorbed by ceramic blocks directly in the engines, thus reducing NOx, hydrocarbons and other particulate matter. The urea tanks are built of 316 stainless steel and welded on the port and starboard ballast tanks. The system mixes 32.5% urea with 67.5% water that produces nitrogen and water. The SCR tends to be substantially more effective and efficient than the Exhaust Gas Recirculation process that is on older boats. The new tug will be the most powerful tug on the Mississippi sporting twin Caterpillar 3516E, Tier 4 Diesels that drive Rolls-Royce US

255F azimuthing thrusters with 98.4" four blade nozzles. A John Deere 99kw and a JonRie 240 escort winch are just the start of an amazing list of propulsion, safety and monitoring equipment.

Some of us made bad career decisions and certainly my choice to be a teacher/professor was a fiscal disaster. I should have been a riverboat pilot. An ad in *Waterways Journal* calls for a trip pilot on the Upper and Lower Illinois River. The pay is \$1,200 per day.

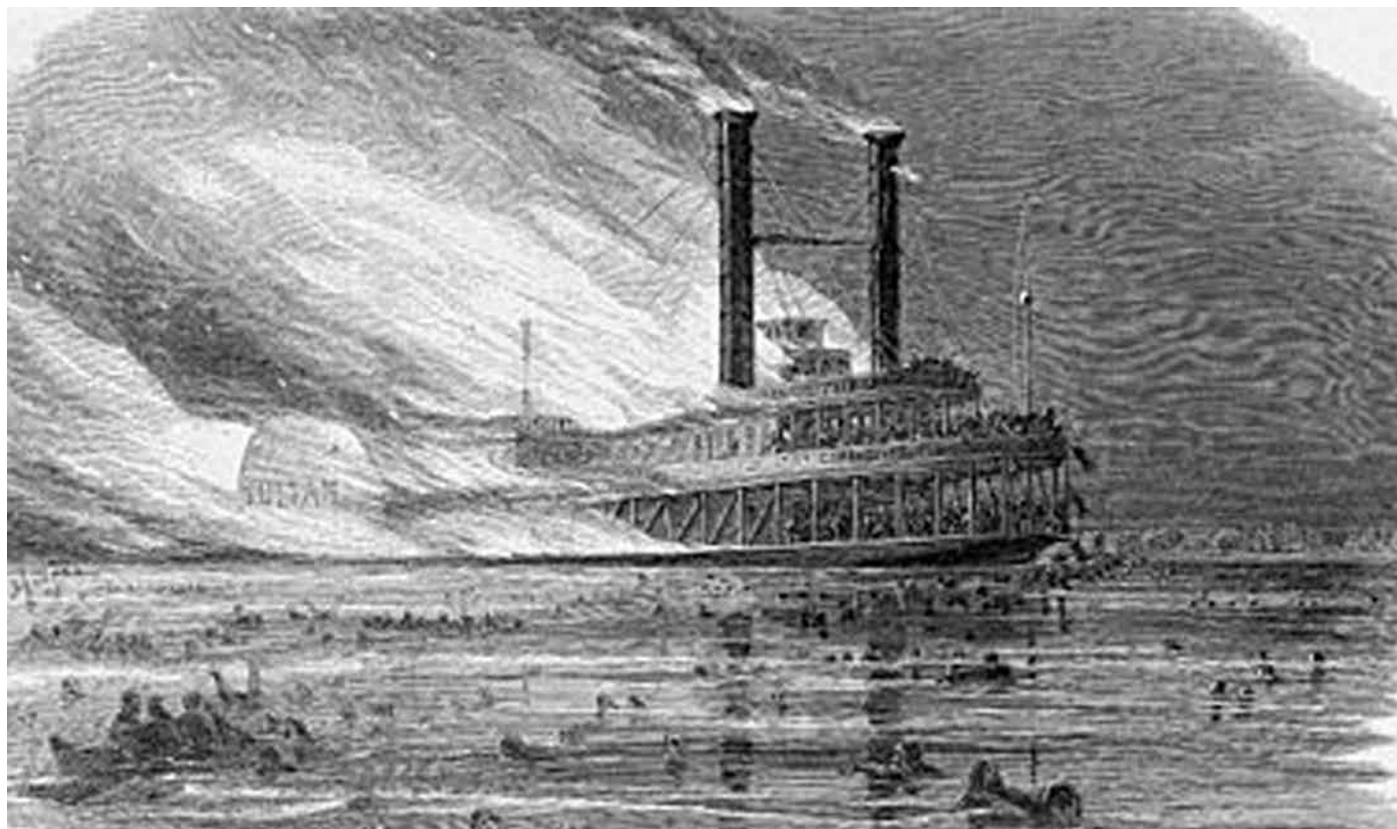
History

Fifty years ago Frankie and Johnnie's Boat Store in Memphis, Tennessee, used goats to clear the weeds at its facility at Mile 734.

Water flowed for the first time on the Trinity River canal, a bypass east of Dallas, Texas.

In 1920, Federal Barge Line boats were carrying considerable loads of cotton because of a good crop. Isn't there a song about tote that bale?

The great tragedy of the *Sultana* sinking is remembered each April since the end of the Civil War. The steamboat was originally built for the New Orleans route but the war squelched that so she ended up on the Cincinnati to Wheeling run. Captain J. Cass Mason was a youthful skipper who was persuaded to take aboard soldiers heading home, especially many from the horrible Andersonville Prison Camp. Legally limited to 340 passengers, the *Sultana's* captain, pressured by US Army Captain Fredric Speed, allowed 1,886 men onto her. Badly weighed down, the boat journeyed upriver against savage flood currents immediately pushing her boilers to the limit. She exploded killing most of the soldiers. While 786 initially survived, 200 later died of burn injuries. Until the loss of the *Titanic*, this was the greatest maritime accident in US history.



I started this article just after arranging to sell the *Wood Duck* to Tim Andrews in Spokane last summer. Selling it was the conclusion of my dreams of where to adventure in the boat and hopefully it would be the beginning of his.

It all began with an article in the June 1, 1999 issue of *Messing About in Boats*. I had been a Bolger fan since his first book, *Small Boats*. I liked the simplicity of his designs, was attracted by the looks of most of them and had built seven of his smaller boats either from purchased plans or from books. His cartoons in *Small Boat Journal* could entertain me for hours. So "Bolger on Design" was the first article I turned to in *MAIB*. Almost every design offered something that captured my imagination, and the Bantam was no exception. It seemed to do it all, shallow draft, standing headroom, a camp cruiser that planes with just a 25hp outboard and great cruising possibilities for a modestly sized, comparatively easy boat to build. The idea of the cabin roof dropping for efficient towing and the ability to remove the bow for storage in a small garage or carport also seemed appealing at the time.

Then in the August 15, 2002 *MAIB* issue "Bolger on Design" featured Tom David's boat on Nantucket, the first one to be completed. My late wife Janet and I had already scheduled a trip to Nantucket that fall and so I carried a copy of *MAIB* with me thinking I might contact Tom.

We would get to Nantucket for several weeks every two to three years where we stayed in a cabin my in-laws owned on Nantucket Harbor. One of our pleasures was sailing a Sunfish to nearby Polpis Harbor for the challenge of working the wind and tide to get in and out of the narrow entrance and also to look at some interesting boats. Serendipitously Tom's Bantam was there. We made contact and he offered us a ride. In a light breeze the boat skimmed across the water and we were getting hooked.

In the article about Tom David's boat, Phil and Susanne (referred to as FOB for Friends of Bolger in the future) indicated they had some upgrades in mind and in the April, 2003 issue of *MAIB* they discussed them and provided an update on the second boat built, John Bartlett's in Florida.

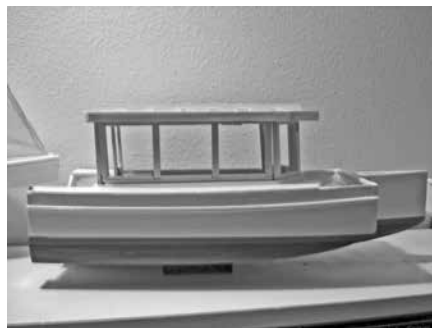
John had nothing but praise for the boat. With a 9.9hp Yamaha he reported 4 knots at 2,500 rpm with six adults and that she was good in a chop with no pounding into whitecaps. Meanwhile Tom, wanting to go in more open waters than just Nantucket Harbor, reported some dramatic pounding and flying spray. So the major revisions made by FOB were to add a 6" high foam filled plywood box to the bottom of the main hull and similar 8" boxes to the outer hulls with appropriate shaping of the bows to provide a quieter entry.

The next month I ordered the plans and built a model which always helps me determine if there is anything I don't understand about the plans. As I was starting from scratch I did not have to build boxes to add to existing boxes, but could just build three taller boxes with the new overall dimensions. This gave me the opportunity to play with the height of the cabin sole and I ended up locating it a few inches deeper, allowing me to make the cabin sides a few inches lower.

The plans were in metric as the original design was for a Dutch dinghy racer. Phil Bolger had a fondness for metric anyway and did a number of his designs that way. I like

Wood Duck A Modified Bolger Bantam

By Dan Taylor



building in metric because it makes adding and subtracting so much easier, but I don't think in metric so it took some head scratching to get the cabin sole at the right height. The seats/bunks were at a fixed elevation so I couldn't lower the sole too much or our feet would be dangling. Some of it was trial and error and some was looking at architectural standards which I had to translate to metric. As I write this it doesn't seem like it should have been that big a deal, but it sure seemed to be then.

John had pulled out the motor board flush to the stern to get a little more support back there, and Tom had also added some hull extensions, so I made the whole boat a foot longer and also pulled the transom out to the stern. The extra foot makes the aft cockpit more usable as a comfortable place to sit and provided room for a built in storage box to stow a small garbage can and cleaning supplies. The box also served as a step up to the ama deck on the starboard side. This was in addition to the spaces in the amas where the two six gallon fuel tanks were located with room for fenders and lines as well.



General layout. Hole in berth flat is my idea for using an underwater viewing tube or tossing out urine.



Forward cockpit. I added lips on the cockpit sole aligned with the foredecks to hold anchors and mooring lines.

The designed cabin top was a sandwich with 3mm plywood encapsulating a 2" foam panel. I cambered mine and vacuum bagged Boeing surplus honeycomb with 3mm ply on one side, 4mm on the other and fiberglass on top. This was laid over 1 1/4 laminated spruce beams. I suspect my top was way overbuilt and probably came out heavier than designed. However, it was very strong, one could have had a party on top, and it was another cool space to be when at anchor. In hindsight I would have made it lighter probably without losing any of those advantages.

When I ordered the plans I had inquired about carrying a couple of kayaks on the cabin top, which Phil advised against as weight and windage that high could be an embarrassment in a hard squall. He had also expressed concern to one of the builders about not too much weight up there without considering the side panels. FOB connected the roof to the forward quarter panels and the stern panel with turnbuckles. It was the forward quarter panels and the stern panel that held the whole thing up. My cabin top was strong enough so the side panels were only for weather protection.



Cabin top front raised and resting on front quarter panels. Bipod in hand.

John had used bolts with wing nuts instead of turnbuckles and I did the same thing. As a result I had no structural hesitation about weight on the top once everything was in place. FOB planned for gin poles to raise the top. I used bipods and was very careful not to stick my head under the top when I was raising or lowering the forward quarter panels or the stern panel in case something let go. Underway I often carried a small dinghy on top or an 8' inflatable, sometimes with a bicycle in it but was careful with the weather conditions.

Raising and lowering the top was not a major undertaking but there was a tendency for it to slide back a bit if not constrained. It is easy to crack the coaming which I did

several times. It also takes a little fiddling to get the bolt holes aligned so the bolts will slide into position. So now I leave the top up unless I am going to make a long trailering trip, say over 50 miles, or if I am storing it outside over the winter.



Rear panel going up with help of bipod. I could have just lifted it but then there wouldn't be hands free to raise the rear panel and I didn't want other hands involved.

Over the years the ability to take off the bow did save me a little money in storage but proved to be a hassle and the one thing I would change if I were building the boat now. FOB, in their original article and in the construction manual, indicated Bantam was to be carried stern forward on the trailer. This would have allowed leisurely attachment of the bow in the parking lot as opposed to at a busy ramp. But that was one innovation too much for me so I have to launch the boat, then attach the bow. I had thought of extending the tongue of the trailer, permanently mounting the bow, but there was enough complexity involved that I never got around to it.



Attaching the bow at the ramp.

As I was building I was fantasizing where I would like to use Bantam. The focus mostly centered on the East Coast, the Erie Canal, Intercoastal Waterway, Florida canals, all places that Tom and John, and a third builder, could and were doing.



Ready to go on a typical NW June day with inflatable on top. Side panels are in a down position.



View of *Wood Duck* and Mount Baker from Sucia Island on an earlier San Juan Island trip.

I completed the *Wood Duck* in the fall of 2006 and, once the boat was built, we began to look nearer to our home port, Bellingham, Washington. Some of the places that appealed but we never managed to get to were lakes in northern Idaho, which will be the stomping grounds for Tim and his family, various rivers on the east side of the mountains including the Snake and the Pend Oreille, and the chain of lakes in the Okanagan area of British Columbia. Cruising on the Snohomish River and Steam Boat Slough near Everett and on the Sammamish River and Lake Washington, all areas much closer to home, were also dreams never achieved.

On the other hand my late wife and I did take some good trips. One was down the Swinomish Slough, then exploring the mouth of the north fork of the Skagit River, Hope Island and the Deception Pass area. We had several good trips to the San Juans and one to the Gulf Islands. One memorable trip was towing the *Wood Duck* across the passes to eastern Washington and Banks Lake. I had used System 3 water based linear polyurethane on the bottom instead of bottom paint so we never stayed out more than a week or two, which was just about the right length of time for us camping aboard anyway.



Leaving La Conner on the Swinomish Slough. Past the No Wake zone, but not much of a wake in any case.



Approaching Deception Pass at slack tide.

The *Wood Duck's* best feature was the cabin, engine noise muffled, great views in all directions, two comfortable seat/bunks, room to cook and navigate out of the weather and an incredible amount of storage in the amas. The only thing lacking was a separate, dedicated head. What made the cabin particularly nice was the ability to swing up one or both of the side windows and hook them to the ceiling allowing the breeze through, essentially being outside but in the shade. The cabin was also comfortable for taking four to six people day sailing or just having a chat at a dock. Sides up and fore and aft doors open, one was outside but in shade. Closing it all down on cool days, any sun at all would soon warm things up.



The boat pounded in a chop. As soon as the waves started breaking it was necessary to slow down to 4 knots or less as the waves built or with the wind against the current. And my late wife and I, only having had experience with sailboats, found it squirrely as we passed through the diverse currents in the San Juans. But it had a nice motion in a seaway with wind on the beam. The tall cabin had enough windage it behaved somewhat like a sail dampening the roll.

Aside from the cabin, the feature I most appreciated was the ability to plane with just a 25hp motor. The design speed was 16 knots which I achieved a few times early on under ideal conditions, particularly when we used it before building the cabin. At some point, for some reason, I changed the prop to a 9 pitch and subsequently rarely achieved more than 14 knots. But what was really nice was how the boat slipped up on a plane somewhere between 8 and 10 knots and could comfortably cruise around 11 or 12 knots. I don't have good records of fuel consumption but on a couple of trips I recorded 1.2 and 1.3 gph and on another 1.9.

Though the boat is light and can be easily pushed around by wind or current, I appreciated the shallow draft. Another feature I really liked is that it doesn't mush around at low speed or stick its nose in the air when planing.

I wrote Phil and Susanne in early 2007 describing the construction and performance of the boat, including a bunch of photos, and didn't hear back which was unusual based on previous correspondence I had had from Phil. Then in September 2008, just eight months before his death, I got a nice letter back apologizing for the delay and complementing me on the construction and feed back.

Sometime in 2009 I damaged the main hull trying to dock in swirling currents in the Swinomish Slough. Someone on the dock failed to catch a dock line my wife had tossed. We were drifting out of control and in a panic I put it in reverse at full throttle and ended up backing into some rocks. I was working on other projects at the time and the boat remained in storage for over five years. I had it well covered and with plenty of air circulation so when I finally got around to repairing it, the only real issue was dealing with the yellow jackets that found it such an attractive home. I had drilled some holes in the bottom to allow any water to drain out. In addition, when making the repairs I cut some test panels out of the bottom to see if there had been any water damage to the hull. It was dry and the okoume plywood with three coats of epoxy on the inside was perfect.

My late wife had died and I had remarried. My current wife was not interested in camp cruising in the boat but she and I and friends had some good day sails in Belling-

ham Bay and Lake Whatcom. A friend of mine and I make a trip to Sucia Island in the San Juans for a multi-cultural boating together, Canadians and Americans, and had a good time but a rough passage back.

We had to be back in Bellingham on a Monday and the winds were supposed to pick up Sunday afternoon. So we left Sunday morning. Conditions had already become unpleasant and we had not allowed for the current in Hale passage. The current was in our favor but it was wind against current which caused the boat to pound alarmingly even when approaching 3 knots. We skirted the shore looking for counter currents and tried zigzagging across the channel to get the wind on the quarter, but nothing helped. In the end it was just a slow, unpleasant slog until we could turn the corner and finally have the wind on our stern quarter crossing Bellingham Bay.

I am approaching 85 and have become even more of a fair weather sailor than I used to be. And as I live in a condo and have to pay storage for any boat that can't be squeezed into my carport along with two cars, or raised overhead above the cars, it was time to sell some boats. I had disposed of two smaller sailboats on trailers earlier, one to a son on Orcas Island. Now it was time to sell the two bigger ones. The *Wood Duck* sold but I still pay for storage on my sailboat *Poquito* (see classifieds).

As I watched Tim and his family drive off last summer with the *Wood Duck* in tow I had the same mixed emotions I have when I part with any boat. This time the feeling was tinged with some regret for what might have been if I had used it more and focused on other projects less. And I wish I had done something about that bow.



Build your own from a kit



NanoShip



Jimmy Skiff II



Tenderly Dinghy

KITS & PLANS FOR KAYAKS • CANOES • SUPs • ROWING CRAFT • DINGHIES • SAILBOATS • RVs

100 AWARD-WINNING DESIGNS | EPOXY, MARINE PLYWOOD, TIMBER, AND MORE | BOATBUILDING CLASSES SINCE 1994

CALL 410-267-0137 OR VISIT CLCBOATS.COM FOR A FREE CATALOG AND MUCH MORE!

Small communities benefit when local groups work together to produce results greater than the sum of their individual efforts. Three organizations combined their efforts to create such synergy in a coastal county on Lake Huron. The Iosco County Family Court, local Elks Lodge 2525 and Heritage Coast Sailing and Rowing (HCS&R) combined efforts to develop a positive training program for youthful offenders and provide a staunch safety boat for the new not for profit sailing school.

The Juvenile Enhanced Accountability Program (JEAP), a Family Court Program, gives youthful offenders a chance to complete their court ordered community service, in this case, by building a boat while increasing their manual and group skills. Elks Lodge 2525 has a long and laudable community service history. They have worked with the JEAP program for several years providing funding, project identification and adult supervision.

Heritage Coast Sailing and Rowing, a 501(c)(3) not for profit, was expanding its community boat building program to include a sailing school operating on Tawas Bay and needed a safety/coaches' boat. The boat needed to be safe, stable, have a two crew capacity (crew plus up to five rescued from the water), be easy to get in and out of and be built by a moderately skilled crew.

A Working Boats UK Ltd designed plywood/epoxy kit boat, the Workstar 17, met the criteria. It was being used by police departments, towboat companies and outdoor education schools. The group purchased an instruction license. Hewes and Company of Blue Hill, Maine, prepared the kit.

The Workstar 17 became the eleventh boat built by HCS&R. All 11 were built using West System® Epoxy, Gougeon Brothers, Inc's Technical Support services and their extensive assortment of how to literature.

Five general activities were involved in the building process and are summarized by the photographs. The designer's instructions provided an excellent step by step guide.

Cutting Out Parts

The kit arrived as 20 sheets of plywood with the individual parts nested and tabbed in the sheets. Each piece was first labeled, then carefully cut out and set aside in sub assembly groups.



Pieces were labeled and then grouped for easier assembly.



Morning Sun A Workstar 17

By Chris Smith
Reprinted from *Epoxyworks*
Newsletter of Gougeon Brothers



Longitudinal stringers being coated with unthickened epoxy.



Epoxy wetted T-pegs were driven into the slots through the butt straps and into the parts being joined, ensuring vertical alignment as well as strength.

Parts assemblies that run the length of the boat were built on the shop floor because it was relatively large and flat. The boat's sides, bottom, longitudinal stringers and rub strakes were all done in the same way. Each subassembly was first dry fit, then the joint edges and butt strap areas were coated with unthickened West System® Epoxy. This was followed by a coat of thickened epoxy. Epoxy wetted T-pegs were driven into slots through the butt straps and into the parts being joined, ensuring vertical alignment as well as strength. Weights were used to ensure horizontal alignment.

Joining Frames, Longitudinal Stringers, Sides and Bottom

Temporary legs were attached to two frames to obtain a good working height. After dry fitting, the longitudinal stringers, the sides and bottom were added utilizing tabs, slots and a wedge system. Locking pegs ensured good alignment. Bottom and side seams will later be armored with 17oz glass tape and the entire bottom will be clad in 10oz glass fabric.



Fillets were applied along the joints along with 17oz fiberglass tape for reinforcement on major joints.

Fillets, Sole and Seats

The hull was turned over and extensive epoxy fillets added to the eggbox structure. Major joint fillets were also strengthened by 17oz tape. The sole, seats and control console were added again using the tabs, slots and wedge system.



Primer being sanded before final coating.

Finish

The entire boat was covered with two coats of West System® Epoxy before the finish coats of two part primer and paint were applied. The youth named the boat *Morning Sun* and chose its colors, the colors of a sunrise.

Building the boat was a powerful lesson for the youth involved. They followed a plan that converted a pile of plywood and strange looking parts into a well built, functioning boat. They witnessed and participated in countless decision making discussions, all very calm and focused on the outcome. They learned how to work together in tight quarters. They became proficient in the use of several hand and power tools. They saw the benefits of cooperative effort and synergy.

The three groups worked together to successfully build a second boat from scratch, a 1944 Lowell Coast Guard dory. All have expressed interest in maintaining the collaboration and continuing the program and relationship for interested youthful participants.



Boat building participants.



Center of a Circle?

By Richard Honan

This is a simple homemade tool for finding the center of a circle or anything round. Very handy for finding the center of the top or bottom of your mast or the center of the handle on those oars that you're making. This little jig was made by my grandfather, Anthony A. Bonzagni, 60 or 70 years ago. I inherited it when he passed away in 1986.



BMC Packet Boat Project

By Greg Grundtisch

The Buffalo Maritime Center is building an Erie Canal Packet boat. A replica of *Seneca Chief*, Governor Dewitt Clinton's boat used to traverse the canal upon its opening ("Clinton's Ditch") from Albany to Buffalo, New York. Buffalo was the terminus of the Canal. As of this report the Maritime Center is closed due to the Covid-19 crisis, or the "President's Pandemic" as it's referred to in local vernacular.

I hadn't been to the Center in months and I was interested to see what was happening with this and the other projects currently underway. After two pictures my camera batteries died. I left to find a store that sold them and, when said batteries were found, I was close to downtown Buffalo and Canalside. I decided to postpone my return to the Center to the following week as I planned to be back in the area. Unfortunately, in a few days the Center and all non essential business were required to close and we all had to stay home.

While at Canalside I was able to see the construction progress being made with the "Long Shed." This building will be used to construct the *Seneca Chief* Packet Boat. The public is going to be a part of this project as well. Notice has been sent out stating that whoever wants to participate is welcome to do so. There is no experience required. This long shed is next to the Commercial Slip in the area where the packet boats of the mule pulling days were built. After the building and launching period, said to be approximately three years, the shed will then be converted to some other use.

The Maritime Center has been working in their shop making parts and working in their lofting room drawing and making full size patterns. This lofting room is on the second floor of the Center and its length is somewhere around 50' with a lofting table of about the same length and about 10' wide. I had hoped to return for pictures, but...

If and when our lives get back to some sort of normal and our world reopens, the ongoing project will be transferred from the Maritime Center to the Long Shed which was originally scheduled to be completed in June, but the virus has delayed that. The eastern end of New York State has been affected much more than our western end, but all is still closed statewide as of this writing in late April.

There were other things going on the day of my arrival and I wish I had returned

that day to take a few photos before the lockdown. The *Tripp*, a project that has been ongoing for years, was moving along at a quicker pace and much progress had been made. A launch day hasn't been set yet but it appears as though it is getting very close to completion. The *Buffalo Wailer* was also moving along well and much had been done since my last visit. The ongoing Hand to Hand program with the local schools is now canceled as the schools are closed. The foundry was running and the machine shop was now fully functional. The Center was selling building materials such as epoxy and plywood, fasteners and related items as well as the hats and shirts with the Maritime Center's logo, all to support the Center and its functions. All this has ceased until it reopens.

In the virtual world substitution for real life, The Center is now on Facebook and Instagram. It has information, photos (some photos of what I have described here) and events the Center has taken part of and projects completed and ongoing. Online now you can check out the photo of Roger Allen and John Montague marveling at the pile of wood pictured here slated for the *Seneca Chief*. There are some construction videos of the Long Shed also pictured here at the early construction stages and a lot of other ones at Canalside events.

The virus crisis inspired lockdown has had a devastating effect around here. Some people are suffering much more than others. Some lost jobs that may not return and some have lost their small businesses and thus more lost jobs. Nellie O'Leary used to say to us when we were young, "Things will work out in the end. If they haven't, it isn't the end." Not necessarily reassuring but, if you were an Irish immigrant arriving shortly before the Great Depression, I suppose it's some sort of learned optimism. I wish you all well. Let's hope for a good summer boating season and no second wave in the fall when we can go back to something that resembles everyday life.



The beginning of this catboat project started with manipulating a 7'2" wide boat through a 6'8" wide doorway into my shop. A small project, but once in and after I got it set up to begin work, several things came together as coincidences of interest likely only to myself, but coincidence nevertheless. These began with the arrival of the February issue several weeks late. I think the mailman may have wanted to have a good read. The coincidence was that on page 6 of that issue there was an article from 25 years ago by Bill Rutherford entitled, "Two Cats Loose in Muscongus Bay," in which Bill compared a Marsh Cat to a Harbinger Cat and described the times that their families spent camp cruising on them.

When that issue arrived it did so the same day I received an email from Susan Altenburger of Bolger & Friends. Susan advised me that plans for the Harbinger were still available and that I should recall her and Phil Bolger's descriptions and commentary in the November 2017 issue of *MAIB*. I did not recall. That sent me on an archeological dig of sorts searching through boxes of back issues. An hour later the issue in question was found. I literally shouted, "I found it!" to no one in particular. There was no one to hear it but spiders and mice.

I read the text and examined the plans shown on page 44. I also sent for a new set of plans from Bolger & Friends. Then I went out to the shop to see the comparisons from the Bolger plans in *MAIB* and the plans that came with the boat. The set of plans with the boat had some changes drawn directly onto the original drawings.

This boat apparently went through several hands before I took possession. It was started by someone (possibly Brad Story) and then someone else took it over. There were some alterations to the original design by one of the unknown builders. The previous builder lost interest apparently and sold it off to a man in Albany, New York. He painted the hull (very nicely, thank you) and stored it for some time. He then decided that he didn't have time or desire to complete and sold it to me.

This being a day sailer, it originally had wide 20" side decks for seating. That was changed and reduced to 10" and seat supports added. There was a cabin added that had a nice traditional look but it was essentially useless as a shelter for sleeping as it would not offer enough length to stretch out inside. The rowing thwart was moved aft to allow some limited space for the cabin but a very small space if kept. The height of the coaming was raised also from the cabin aft. There was a crossbeam several inches forward of the transom that made me uncertain as to what it might be for. A small aft deck? I'm still unsure but it has been removed.

Harbinger Catboat Finishing Begins

By Greg Grundtisch



I described some of this to Susan Altenburger and she responded with, "...interesting changes by builders, but when the boat begins to heel toward 90° there is possibility of water coming aboard to consider with the narrowed side decks." With my experience flipping boats (half scale Messenger Skipjack) with side decks going under, it gave me something to consider. Do I reinstall the sides to the original plans or go with what I have?

I kept some of the seating but there's not much leg room alongside the centerboard trunk. The changes someone made to the rowing thwart position were kept and that will become seating across the beam over the lower trunk. That will add support for the sides and the trunk. The original rowing thwart space I kept open for access to storage under the foredeck. I may add a removable seat for rowing. I extended the foredeck 2', offering some additional support to the sides where the thwart, now removed, will provide and I added taller coaming to adjust for the narrowed side deck.

If it works out, all is well. If not, I'll pull the seats out and put back the side decks to original. I also made the section forward of the mast seat watertight for flotation, just

in case, and the same for the storage space forward of the transom. The decks currently have been glassed and covered in epoxy. The next step will be the seating and coaming. Then deck paint, building the rudder and tiller, then installing deck and mast hardware.

Along with the other coincidences, while searching for the elusive November 2017 issue, I found the May, 15, 1997 issue sitting on top of that, an issue with one of my very early articles published. It was titled, "First Time Boat Builder," where I described the joy of building a little skiff for my son Gary. That was not the only coincidence. Sitting on top of that issue was the June 15, 2003 issue. That issue has a cover photo with the lovely and talented Naomi, Bob Hicks and I standing in front of a Skipjack backbone.

This, another boat project started but not completed, was hung in the rafters of our editor's barn for many years. An article was written by him about unfinished boat projects. I wrote to him about purchasing it. He generously said, "It's yours, come and get it." That I did. We eventually traveled to Wenham, Massachusetts, to meet Bob and his equally lovely and talented bride Jane and loaded the 18' skipjack backbone on an 8' trailer.

That was not the end of coincidences. Within a day or so of all that I was reading an article in the April 2020 issue titled, "Another Schooner Story," by Susan Gateley. While I was sitting at my desk reading that, an email arrived asking for ideas for Buffalo Maritime Center's members to do while waiting out the President's Pandemic as they shelter and distance themselves.

The evening before, I happened to be watching a DVD that Susan and Chris Gateley produced titled, "Lake Ontario, a Quest for Hope." It's an excellent video, great photography and information. I recommended it to Brian Trzeciak, the Center's director, along with her book of the same title and also a YouTube video the Gateleys produced titled, "Schooner Sara B, 2015," a short video of rigging and sailing their Tancook schooner for the upcoming season. It's well worth a look. All of the above, happening in a very short time was a little surreal. The late Robb White once stated to me in a letter, "Coincidence is an amazing thing, I sometimes think it rules the world." It sure does make you wonder.

Now that I am currently sheltered, distanced and unemployed, I have a lot of free time while waiting out this virus lockdown mess. I should have this boat all rigged and ready for launching by the time this story is published. That's if I'm still alive by then. I fall into the high risk category by age. I'm pushing 66. I will update future progress when/if I survive and there is more to tell. Timing is everything, as the saying goes, and it's time to sail!



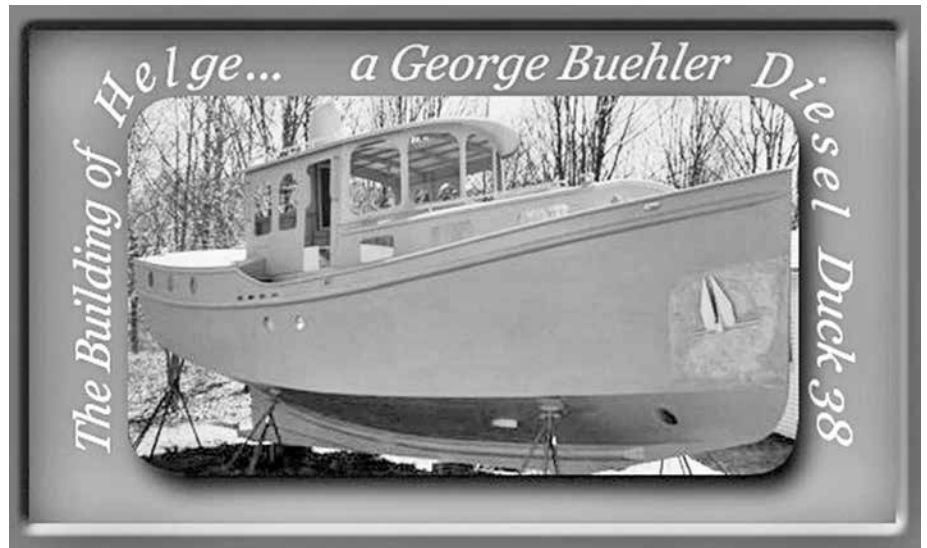
The Shower Tray

Helge's shower tray is made from King Starboard polymer. I cut tiles into the surface for better traction. The prop shaft and shower tray will share a common sump (hoping for a dry bilge).



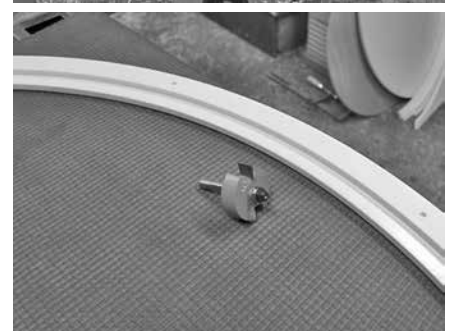
The Building of *Helge* A George Buehler Diesel Duck Part 11

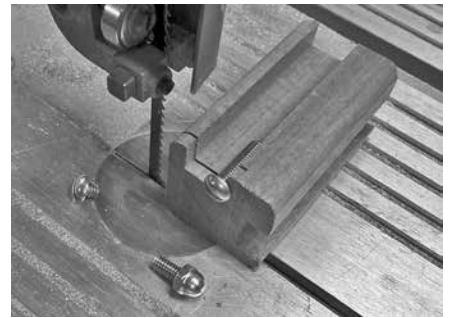
Wendell Gallagher is building a Buehler Diesel Duck 38. He had the steel hull built at a yard and trucked to his home and is doing the rest himself.



The initial design worked well but it suffered from an unexpected consequence caused by the traction grooves. When tipped, the extra volume of water stored by the grooves overwhelmed the drains. To remedy this I installed a catch ring.

The reasoning behind draining the tray from its edge and not the center is to keep its profile as low as possible. A center drain would require high sides and would make the sink awkward to use. *Helge's* low profile tray will blend into the sole more smoothly.

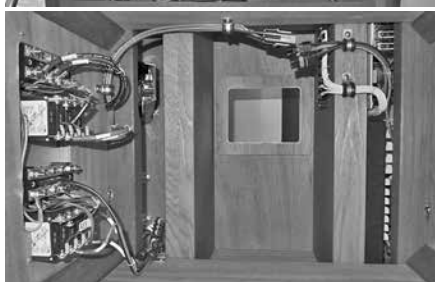
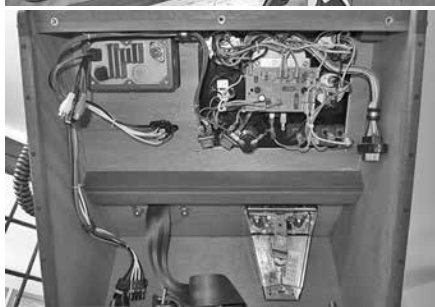
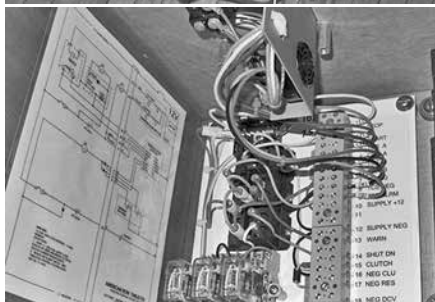




The Clothes Closet

I continued with the cherry stripe theme for *Helge's* clothes closet and added hanging space to the starboard side. The cherry plywood shelves are secured with three brackets each.





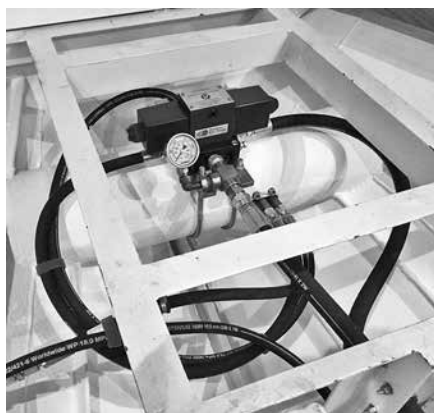
Helm Chair Wiring

Helge's helm chair is wired into two separate sections (base and top). The top is easily removed from the base by simply unbolting and unplugging it. All wiring to the chair's electronics will enter and exit through the base. The chair's breaker panel is exclusive to the John Deer 4039D and the wheelhouse functions.



Coming Next Month...

The Bow Thruster, Expansion Tank and Aft Cabin Sole.



It's been a while so I better get with it and send some pictures to you guys on lock-down. I haven't really noticed much difference since I hardly ever leave the yard anyway. I pulled *Lurlyne* out to check the bottom job and it's still pretty good. I do like the Pettit water based bottom paint.



Princess Anne is coming along, I'm in no hurry to finish her and am having fun figuring out things that will make her different from anything else I ever built. Even though she looks big it's hard to make anything fit in where I want it to go.



I'm going to use fancy furniture from pontoon boats which fits no problem on the square deck of a pontoon boat, but when I try to make it fit in this round, curved hull it presents a challenge. Just knowing the dimensions doesn't mean anything, I need the real thing so I ordered enough for one side to see if it would really fit, I think it'll do. I'm still not sure about what holds the roof up, up front the floor is a foot narrower than the rail. And making the grand staircase fit in is a bitch.



From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas



Building Richard's party barge is kind of like glassing a house, the thing is huge. He's getting really good. His philosophy on getting it done fast and easy is don't spare the epoxy, pour it on thick and heavy and squeegee the extra off. When laying on three or four layers of heavy cloth on something this large that's really the only way to get it done. 20' long and 8 1/2' wide is a lot of area to cover.



Where Did All the Water Go?

All the water got blown out of the river back in March. A combination of factors conspired to drain us out, cold water, low tide and a strong northeast wind blowing the water out of Tampa Bay will do it. The floating dock was not floating.



Howard finished this beauty. It's 16' long and built light so the 50 will make it fly, I was cruising next to him and when I was doing 25mph he flew by me like I was standing still.





25 Years Ago in **MAIB**

Somewhere in every cruising sailor's heart there is probably a "Cape Horn", but it's not always necessary to go very far or spend very much to find it. A circumnavigation of Vancouver Island or a summer cruise from Seattle to Anchorage can provide a lifetime of adventure for most, with the challenge of sailing a small open boat up a wild and rugged coast being every bit as exciting as a major ocean crossing.

Kayakers discovered this long ago, as did the "canoe clubs" of the past century whose members travelled far afield aboard small engineless yawls and came away with tales rivalling any world cruise in far larger vessels. Closer to our time, the remarkable voyages of Frank and Margaret Dye around the British Isles and Europe aboard their 16' Wayfarer certainly attest to the feasibility of making long coastal passages in small, undecked sailboats.

Of course, the allure of passage making is not for everyone. Many may simply prefer poking around creeks and estuaries or knocking about the local harbour with the option of camping aboard the occasional weekend, or spending a couple of weeks meandering through the countryside on a quiet river traversing a network of canals and locks. Either way, a well found small craft can provide the ways and means to fulfill the dreams and aspirations of many would-be adventurers who could otherwise never afford the time or money to do it any other way.

"Alaska" was designed primarily for beach cruising and long distance voyaging under oar and sail, though it would also make a fine day sailer. Modelled on the lines of the traditional American Whitehall pulling boat, it is a versatile and sea-

Photo at top: *Osprey* stormbound off the lee of Harwood Island in the Strait of Georgia. A typical anchorage along this coast, clearly pointing out the need for a self-tending hull form and a reliable mooring system capable of riding out the tides safely and taking the ground repeatedly without damage.

18' Beach Cruiser "ALASKA"

By Donald Kurylko

worthy craft capable of carrying considerable weight of gear and stores and able to take foul weather with reasonable safety and speed. It is meant to be trailered or shipped as deck cargo to the cruising grounds, and has provision for a small outboard motor for extended range.

Historically, the working Whitehall's of the past century were renowned for their seaworthiness and speed and were adapted to many uses, most notably as water "taxis" in the great harbours of Boston and New York. As crimp boats and runners, they ranged miles offshore in search of inbound sailing ships to solicit business for local merchants and chandlers, or the infamous "boarding houses" that once lined the waterfronts. Competition was fierce and honed the performance and beauty of the type to a high degree.

At their zenith at the turn of the century, Whitehall's were probably among the most prominent watercraft of their kind in America, testament to their remarkable versatility and outstanding characteristics as a rowing and sailing boats. Sadly, the coming of the gasoline engine cut their development short at about the time of the First World War and they went into decline. However, they are now enjoying a bit of a revival as more and more people come to appreciate this old, albeit highly evolved, type.

In adapting the Whitehall form to the rigors of modern day beach cruising, "Alaska" has been stretched a little to give the stem and stern a bit more rake than the usual plumb profile of the traditional Whitehall skiff, resulting in a more rounded forefoot that makes beaching a little easier. A wide flat keel, rather than the

more common plank-on-edge type, lets the hull take the ground and remain upright without attention, rendering it virtually selftending on a mooring that dries out with the tide, an important consideration for the voyager who may elect to camp ashore or need to leave the boat unattended for long periods of time. A replaceable, sacrificial, hardwood shoe on the bottom of the keel takes care of any abrasion from rocks and shells.

A deep daggerboard and rudder have been fitted for positive control in rough seas, but can be replaced with a narrow centerboard and shallow draft rudder if much sailing is to be done in shoal waters. Either will provide adequate lateral plane, though the daggerboard will probably be more effective when sailing hard on the wind. The slot through the hull for the daggerboard can be plugged with an optional "short" board, trimmed flush with the bottom of the keel, to eliminate turbulence and drag when the deep board is not being used. The daggerboard case also encroaches a lot less upon interior space compared to a centerboard trunk. Both fit level with the top of the thwarts for comfort and convenience.

A flexible and efficient unstayed lug rig that stows all inboard when not in use provides plenty of power to keep the boat moving in the lightest airs, yet is easy to reduce when necessary. The mast steps are boxed, whaleboat fashion, and the masts are interchangeable to aid in stepping and unstepping the spars in a seaway. Modern fittings, such as sail track, adjustable fairleads and camcleats are used where possible to assist in trimming and handling the sails.

Reefing can be accomplished in the conventional manner or by simply striking one of the masts and sails entirely and carrying on with the other stepped in one of the forward positions. The reefing sequence diagram illustrates the versatility of the two masted lug and shows some of the reefing combinations possible for coping with weather.

If winds fail or schedules change, a small motor can be fitted to the transom to move Alaska along at 5 - 6 knots. The self-draining, watertight motor well was designed to accept the British Seagull 3 h.p., model 55 outboard motor with a 20" long shaft. Though somewhat archaic, this is still an excellent engine for nonplaning, displacement hulls. It is simple, reliable, easy to maintain, and can take a dunking without serious consequences, a factor to consider when cruising in out of the way places.

In spite of the large sailing rig and the optional outboard auxiliary, it is likely that oars will remain the main source of motive power on any summer cruise, winds being as fickle as they are and fuel capacity as limited as it is.

Under oars, "Alaska" can easily maintain 2 - 3 knots with one person rowing and the other steering and resting. Except for short bursts, it's not worthwhile for two people to row at the same time, unless, of course, there are three in a crew. To encourage rowing as much as possible, custom oars, oar locks and oar lock sockets have been designed to maximize efficiency and minimize fatigue over long distance pulls.

Inside, the boat is laid out in the conventional manner with three rowing stations and a stern bench, but unlike most rowboats where the thwart risers follow the sweep of the sheer, Alaska's thwarts are laid out along a single, flat plane to allow for the fitting of removable longitudinal thwarts. These thwarts are temporarily fastened in place and are intended to be used only when cruising. They are hinged to open so that all loose gear can be lashed underneath them and out of the way in waterproof bags and containers, leaving a clear, open space above for tending the boat.

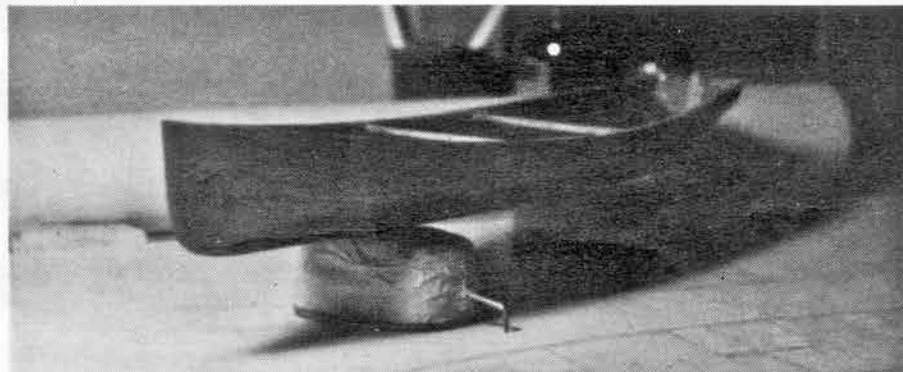
They also provide an enormous sleeping area, unheard of in most small beach cruisers, where the crew is usually forced to sleep underfoot on the floor boards amidst a clutter of gear and rigging. This "berth", on the other hand, will make the boat most habitable at anchor, or underway when the crew offwatch may need to rest.

A good boom tent is also an indispensable item for the beach cruiser. Camping ashore is great, but not always possible or even desirable, so a boom tent with a workable sleeping arrangement goes a long way towards making the cruiser self-sufficient and independent. To accommodate a boom tent, small deck areas with low coamings to deflect rainwater have been added fore and aft, along with an extra mast step through the after deck for the mizzen. The tent is then set up from a rope tied between the mizzen and the main masts, providing a snug and dry place out of the weather for the crew.

A secure two-point mooring system, developed from experience cruising on the Pacific Northwest coast, will assure that "Alaska" stays put at anchor, no matter what the weather may bring. It consists of a clothesline-like traveller on an endless loop that runs from shore out to an anchor, and buoyed rode that permits the boat to be hauled in or out from the beach regardless of the state of the tide, with little possibility of the rode fouling the anchor or dragging. When the ground tackle is not re-



The 17' Whitehall *Osprey*, "Alaska's" prototype. Many of the features incorporated into this new design grew out of the experience and insights gained in building and voyaging in *Osprey*.



The flotation model of "Alaska". A quick and easy way to assess the characteristics of a new design without the added time and expense of full size construction.



Drying out and repacking after a storm. The amount of gear that can be carried in a Whitehall of this size illustrates one of the principal advantages of using traditional pulling boats for cruising: They evolved as "carriers" and can easily handle extra weight without adversely affecting performance. Because of the uniqueness of their underwater lines, they don't necessarily become slower when burdened down, just stiffer, thereby enhancing their seakeeping qualities and sailing ability considerably.

quired, it stows neatly out of the way under the teak grate forward, with plenty of ventilation to keep things sweet.

Stout eye straps are throughbolted to the keel fore and aft, so that hoisting gear can be hooked into the boat for hauling out or lifting aboard larger vessels. A specially made up sling can be carried for this purpose when it might be possible to hitch a ride on the deck of a friendly fish-

ing boat or a small coaster heading for some distant or inaccessible cruising ground.

In a hard chance, positive flotation is taken care of by foam blocks fitted under the thwarts and in the ends of the hull. This, coupled with the extra buoyancy added by watertight stowage bags lashed inside, should virtually guarantee unsinkability.

There are plenty of tiedowns built into the structure so that everything can be well secured in case the worst happens and the boat does capsize. That way, the crew can tend to themselves and righting the boat without having to deal with loose floating gear, especially if hypothermia in cold water is a serious consideration.

Though a bucket is an effective device for bailing out a swamped boat of this size, dual bilge pumps have been fitted to take care of any water that comes aboard under normal circumstances. They are through-bolted to the thwart webs aft, within easy reach of the helm, and are operable on either tack, or from overboard if required. With a well practiced crew, "Alaska" will not be difficult to right or bail out quickly and is, for all intents and purposes, self-rescuing.

Construction is epoxy-glued strip planking over laminated frames and longitudinals and was chosen specifically for home building. This is a very forgiving construction method that is well suited to the abilities of most backyard boat-builders. It is clearly laid out in the many excellent books on boat building available today and can result in an attractive and functional craft at reasonable cost.

"Alaska" is an attempt to rekindle the adventuring spirit of the past and inspire a new generation of open boat voyagers. Based on my own experience and that of others in similar boats, I have endeavoured to design "Alaska" to meet the requirements of the modern day cruiser and builder, and to incorporate features into the boat that would make voyaging, or just plain day sailing and rowing, an enjoyable, exciting and safe experience.

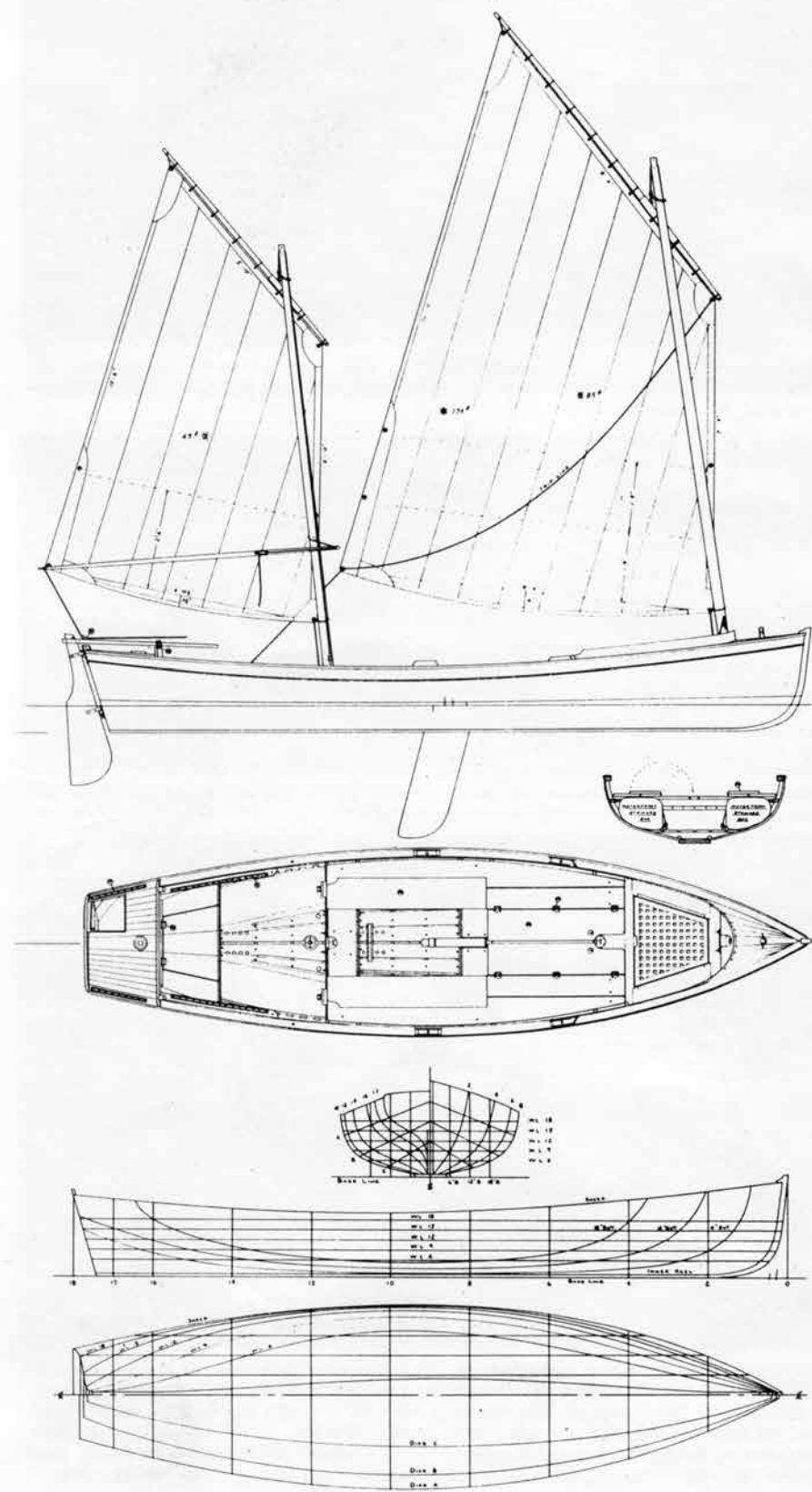
SPECIFICATIONS:

LOA	18' 1"
Beam	4' 6-1/2"
Draft at max. load (wl-9)	
Board up	0' 8"
Board down	3' 3"
Displacement	
Max. load (wl-9)	1100lbs.
Light (wl-6)	425lbs.
Approx. hull weight all up	300lbs.
Sail area	
Total	134sf
Main	85sf
Mizzen	49sf

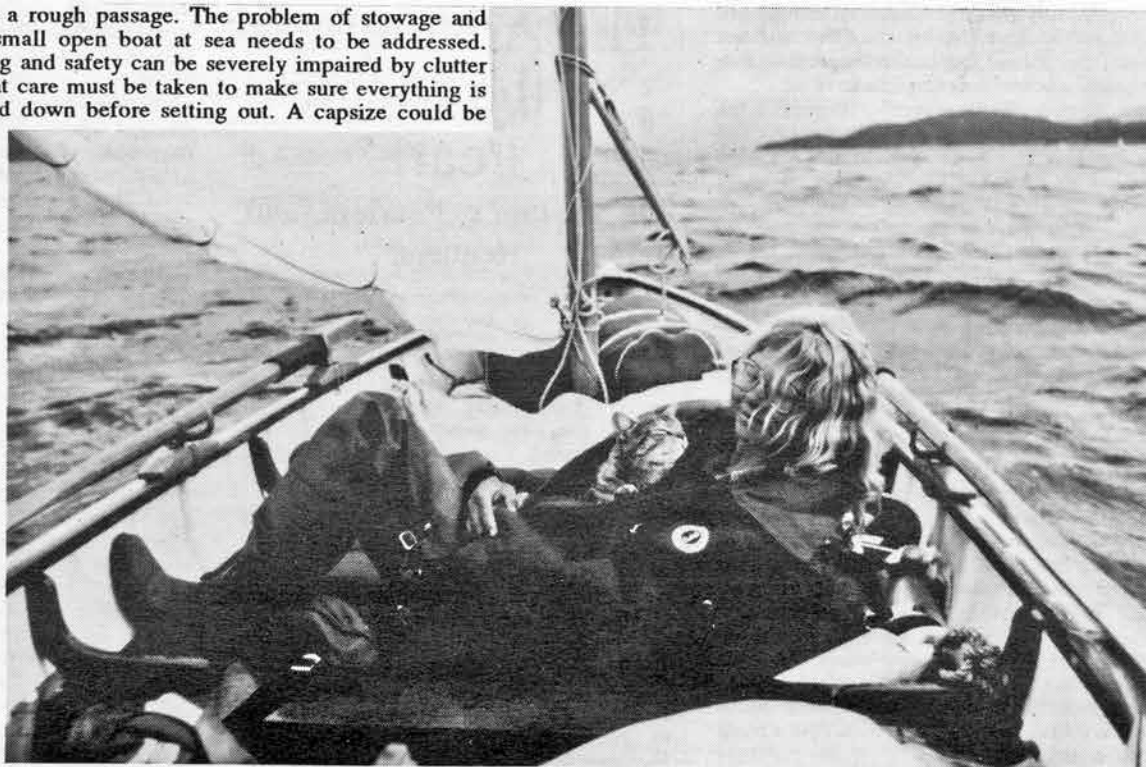
Complete building plans drawn to a scale of 1"=1'-0" include the following:

1. Sail and arrangement plan
2. Lines and offsets
3. General construction plan
4. Spar, oar and joinerwork plan
5. Custom oarlock plan (full size)
6. Text and illustrations detailing:
 - a. Sails and rigging
 - b. Reefing sequence
 - c. Oars and oarlocks
 - d. Boom tent arrangement
 - e. Anchoring system
 - f. Building schedule
 - g. Construction specifications
 - h. Misc. details

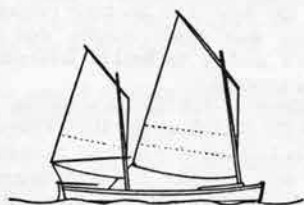
D. H. Kurylko Yacht Design, 317 Gore St., Nelson, B.C. V1L-5B8, Canada, (604) 352-2750.



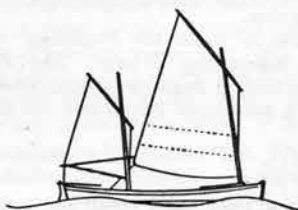
Sniffing for land after a rough passage. The problem of stowage and accommodation in a small open boat at sea needs to be addressed. Obviously, boathandling and safety can be severely impaired by clutter and loose gear, so great care must be taken to make sure everything is well stowed and lashed down before setting out. A capsize could be disastrous!



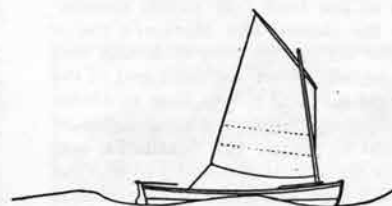
REEFING SEQUENCE FOR SUMMER SAILING CONDITIONS: BEACH CRUISER "ALASKA".



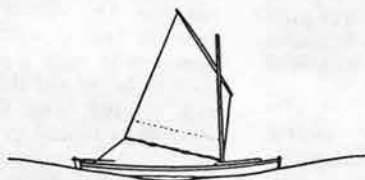
FULL SAIL 134 SQ. FT.
FORCE 1-3 WIND 1-10 KNOTS
LIGHT TO GENTLE BREEZE
SMALL WAVES



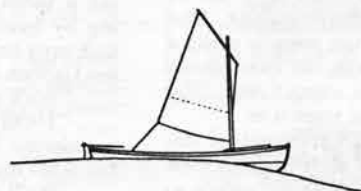
REEFED MIZZEN 118 SQ. FT.
FORCE 3-4 WIND 7-16 KNOTS
GENTLE TO MODERATE BREEZE
FREQUENT WHITE CAPS



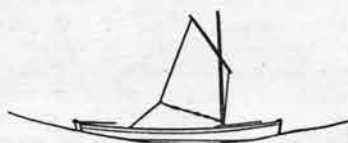
FULL MAIN 85 SQ. FT.
FORCE 4-5 WIND 11-21 KNOTS
MODERATE TO FRESH BREEZE
EXTENSIVE WHITE CAPS



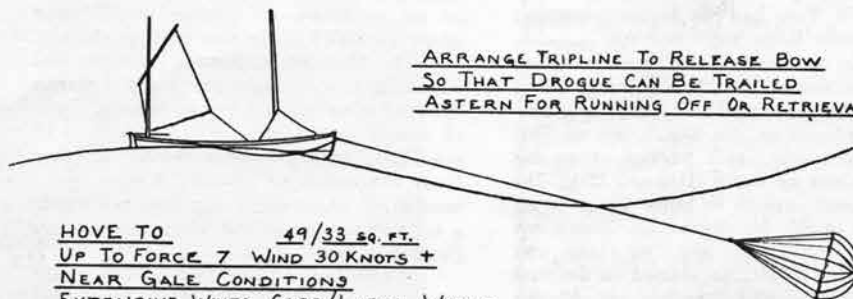
REEFED MAIN 69/54 SQ. FT.
FORCE 5-6 WIND 17-27 KNOTS
FRESH TO STRONG BREEZE
EXTENSIVE WHITE CAPS/SPRAY



FULL MIZZEN 49 SQ. FT.
FORCE 5-6 WIND 17-27 KNOTS
FRESH TO STRONG BREEZE
EXTENSIVE WHITE CAPS/SPRAY

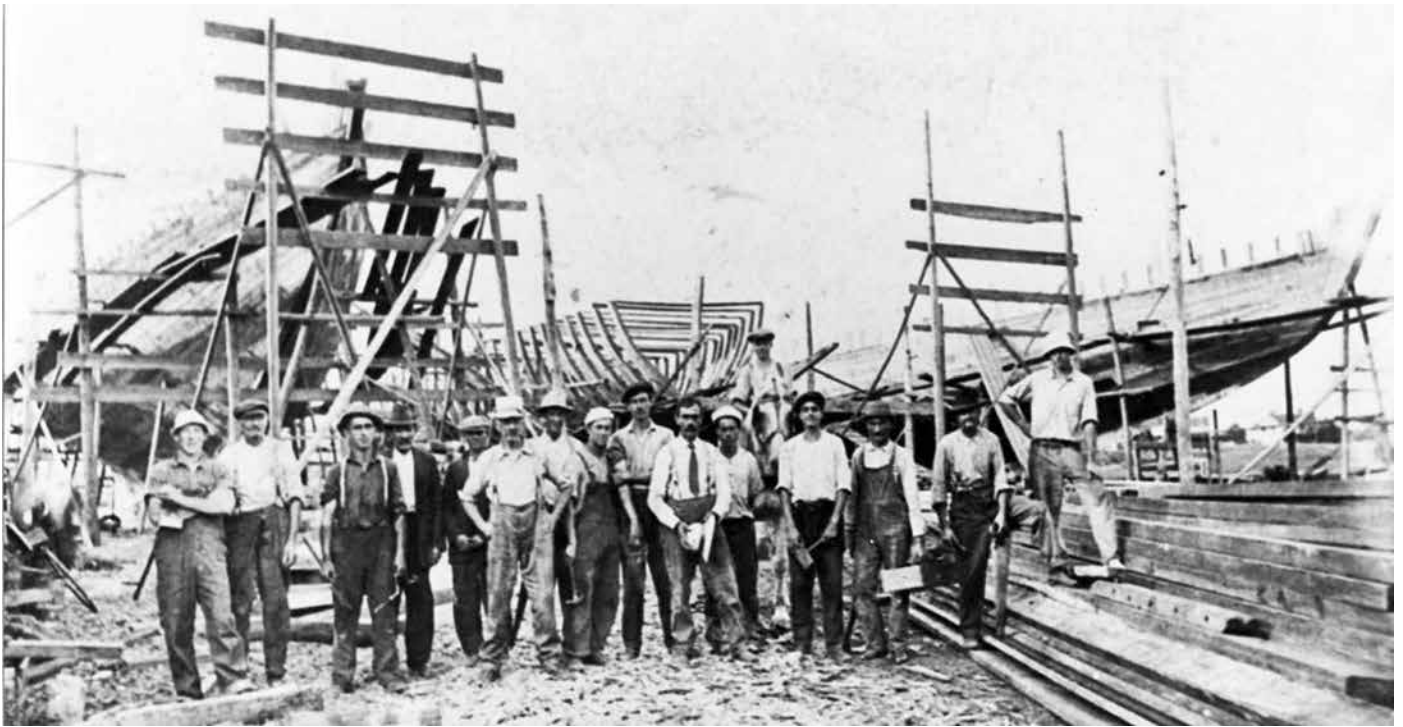


REEFED MIZZEN 33 SQ. FT.
FORCE 7+ WIND 33 KNOTS
NEAR GALE TO GALE FORCE
LARGE WAVES / SPINDRIFT



HOVE TO 49/33 SQ. FT.
UP TO FORCE 7 WIND 30 KNOTS +
NEAR GALE CONDITIONS
EXTENSIVE WHITE CAPS / LARGE WAVES

ARRANGE TRIPLINE TO RELEASE BOW
SO THAT DROGUE CAN BE TRAILED
ASTERN FOR RUNNING OFF OR RETRIEVAL



Shipyard Workers

Shipyard workers (and the shipyard horse) take a moment to pose for a group portrait in Owen Lantz's shipyard in the summer of 1917. Owen Lantz built four vessels in 1917, *Yukon*, *Florence*, *Marne* and *Rush*. *Yukon* was launched April 2, *Florence* June 25, *Marne* October 17 and *Rush* November 29, making it likely we are looking at the latter three vessels. From left to right the men are Joe White, Mr Johnson, Phil Terrio, Unknown (Philip Melanson?), Unknown, Alan Burton, Singer, Clarence Mulcahy, George Lawlor, Owen Lantz (the builder), Luther T. Burnham, John Ellis (on horse), Hadley, Cunha, John Coffil, Dick Garvin.



Squaring a Keel Timber

The preferred way to square up a new keel was by hand with a broad axe. This photo was taken in 1946 on the town owned shipyard of 1668, leased at the time by Dana Story as an extension of his shipyard. The barn/workshop in the background is now our Orientation Center. The man squaring up the timber is Arthur Gates, one of the great Essex spar makers, and he is working on the mast of a dragger, not a keel. The photo was taken in 1946 on the town owned shipyard of 1668, then leased by Dana Story as an extension of his shipyard.



Frame Up

Essex Shipbuilding

Images from the Past

By Christopher Stepler

Operations Administrator

Essex Historical Society and Shipbuilding Museum (978) 768-7541

To follow these posts (and more!) in real time, find us on Facebook and Instagram @ [essexshipbuildingmuseum](https://www.facebook.com/essexshipbuildingmuseum).

A Rare Candid Shipyard Scene

This photo is an unusual one, it's a rare candid shipyard scene. Most shipyard views we have are focused on the vessels under construction or being launched or are photos of shipyard gangs working or posing for a group or portrait shot. By contrast, this image is a view of the A.D. Story Shipyard seemingly taken on the fly as the photographer walked into the shipyard. The idle groups of people suggest that it's a launching day, perhaps for the schooner closest to the camera. A closer look also reveals Jimmy, the shipyard horse, standing in the background waiting for his next assignment.



A Caulking Demonstration

Caulker Luther T. Burnham shared his caulking expertise with young and old at a hands on caulking demonstration as part of the town's Sesquicentennial celebrations in August 1969. In his book, *Frame Up!*, Dana Story writes, "The blow of a hammer hitting a spike or a piece of wood falling to the stage is a noise, but the caulking mallet striking against its iron creates a piercing, ringing sound which carries for a great distance and lets the world know that something is going on, that work is being accomplished, that ships are taking form."





Building and Launching the *Catherine Amireault*

Here we see the dragger *Catherine Amireault* framing up, built in the Lyman James yard in 1944/45. Designed by Ray Mulcahy, this 104' vessel was both heavily built and handsome. This photo from late summer or early autumn of 1944 shows many of the dragger's square frames raised and braced. These frames would have been raised by hand by the whole shipyard crew, just as it's shown on our logo.



The shipyard crew working on the *Catherine Amireault* has gone off for a mug up, laying down their tools at their stations. The decking has been recently caulked and pitched as evidenced by the scraper in the foreground, and work on the whaleback, fo'c's'le scuttle, hatches and cabin trunk is underway.



Quite a Crowd Has Gathered

Quite a crowd has gathered on shore and afloat for the launch of the *Ronald and Mary Jane* from the Lyman James Shipyard on September 4th, 1941. The launch was a difficult one, the 98' dragger stuck on the ways and had to be pulled off by the tug *Mariner* (built in Essex by Tarr and James in 1907). The *Mariner* snapped three hawsers before finally pulling the vessel free.



It's April 17, 1945, launch day for *Catherine Amireault*. A crowd gathers as the shipyard crew prepares the launching ways and cradle and then the vessel is on its way! Several photographers were on hand, catching a close up view of the stern splashing into the Essex River, a wide shot of the entire vessel, crowd of onlookers, the Essex built tug *Mariner* alongside the wharf and a patriotic farewell photo of *Mariner* tied on and turning the *Amireault* around to make its maiden trip downriver.

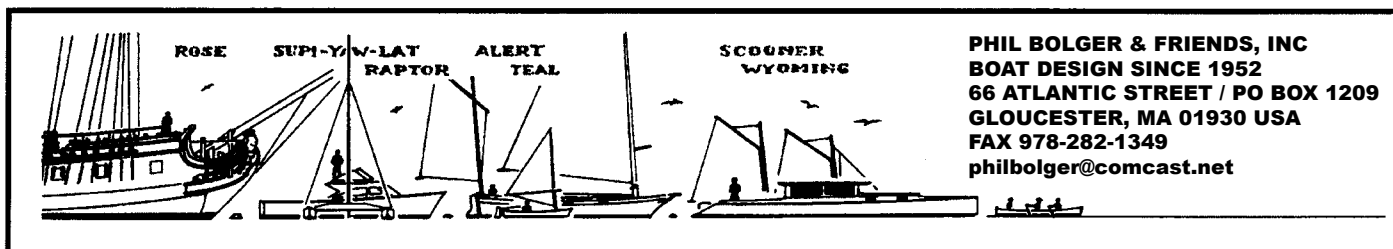


The photo above gives us our first look at the entire vessel and, as Dana Story says in his book *The Shipbuilders of Essex*, the *Amireault* "conveyed the impression of a big vessel with massive proportions, but at the same time, she had a certain grace of form."



Who Needs Masts to Dress Ship?

Who says you need masts to dress ship? It's Saturday, March 16, 1929, and the new 82' fisherman *Cape Ann* has just been launched from A.D. Story's Shipyard. An adventurous group was aboard for the plunge into the river and three kids have taken a clam skiff out to see the vessel in its native element for the first time.



PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC
BOAT DESIGN SINCE 1952
66 ATLANTIC STREET / PO BOX 1209
GLOUCESTER, MA 01930 USA
FAX 978-282-1349
philbolger@comcast.net

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #547 in *MAIB* Design #530 *Newfoundlander* (Part 3 of 3)

29'0"x8'3"x3'6" 408sf (+130sf) x9,300lbs
 Long Keel Catboat

So *Newfoundlander* had been built in Newfoundland out of Massachusetts black locust on top of Charlie's hand cast 2520lb lead keel, fastened with bronze throughout, white lead painted on her backbone and with plywood for decking sheathed in fiberglass and epoxy. A plain structure, built by a yard doing rugged commercial fishing boats fast and without concerns for super smooth near invisible yacht club correct planking perfection, instead built with an eye on longevity for the budget, making her more pretty could be done later and not on yard -time.

The only visible bling on her is her bronze hardware and those bronze port-holes with much more bling/bronze buried in her hull holding major structures together plus a lot of bronze screws then hidden under bungs, the quiet statement of sound owner and builder priorities, vastly superior to shiny 12 coats #600 grit razzle dazzle manhours mania that might have killed the budget projections before the first timbers were shaped. Yankee frugality, one might say.

That summer she puttered around the local waters just under power. While one would have thought that she'd explore some, if not all, of Newfoundland's stunning coastal waters, or at least sail down to her new home port on her own keel, the idea of Charlie building her spars right there simply did not work out for a number of hard reasons. And wisely he did not attempt to go the some 1000 nautical miles west southwest towards the Massachusetts shoreline under that tiny sub 10hp single cylinder Diesel either.

Instead, she rode on the truck the long arcing road 480 miles across the The Rock, leaving Trinity briefly southwest, then headed northwest, then west, then southwest to the ferry port Channel Port Aux Basque, next the 95 nautical miles by ferry to North Sydney in Nova Scotia, then part of the Trans-Canada Highway to eventually hit the US border some 475 road miles later, to finally cover the final 300 miles to arrive at a tidal mooring near Kittery, Maine.

And then the plot thickened. Working with the tide in and out of a Maine creek, that little Diesel would see her move about a bit along the coast while mast, gaff and boom and some nice stainless fittings were built by Charlie to cap the mast, for gooseneck duty etc, but, remember, no salty looking chain-plates necessary to support this free standing mast.

However, the deal for out of townner Charlie on his out of townner brother's mooring would not last long. On it was to the more pricey marina berth on the Kittery side of the Piscataqua River to really set up the rig at long last, stepping the mast with all the hal-yards and blocks just so, with sail on hand.

Indeed, unfamiliar with her sailing qualities, facing the notoriously fast current of the tides on the Piscataqua with that small Diesel, lots of shiny cruisers surrounding him and finding himself between two bridges with a tall mast that, unlike so many of Phil's and our designs, could not be folded, he found his dreams of sailing her out of there quite daunting between current and bridge opening schedules.

So this long held dream was delayed again, this time while the meter was running in that berth in that location 90 minutes away from home base each way. With anything like this geometry facing you, you really get to resent the moon doing its thing pushing our oceans this way, the tides against that river, and that at a different time every day, while the weather is unpredictable and the season is winding down before you got to properly use her the way she was designed and built. On to the hard on land she went for the winter. There is always next year.

However, there appears to be no photo of her under sail next year either. Instead of being able to count on pleasant times afloat in familiar waters to balance out the usual demands of the working life by putting her to delicious so long imagined use, death and serious disease struck the heart of Charlie's family, including himself.

With life priorities tragically upended for a while, the boat was brought to his house in Massachusetts to stop that meter running up in Maine two states over. Mast, boom and gaff braced on deck, rudder unshipped, her keel well blocked and tripods keeping her upright and that fine shape unchallenged by gravity, she was secure and in the most affordable berth conceivable. A fresh tarp or two against sun and New England snow loads set up tight with ventilation on both ends, well tended she'd be ready when those dark clouds would clear.

Sitting high and dry, the hull paint had started to fail and so he had wooded her, stripped that *Newfoundlander* fishing boat paint clean off her planking, clearly an act of bright optimism rearing up in the middle of those losses. He even explored pulling her caulking out completely to be replaced with a modern mastic perhaps.

But things apparently did not let up. By the time I heard from Charlie about a fresh copy of her plans last year or so, she had never left the yard in many, many years. Put in modern language, "not enough bandwidth" for Charlie to put her back in the water again, this time scouted to be much closer to home. Anyone who has been through dark and

darker patches of life can relate to Charlie's challenges here when there simply is no way to do what you know badly needs doing, and you'd sure enjoy having done. After all, realizing this dream of seeing her built on Newfoundland she would always be a good cause, clearly full of a mix of sobriety and romance.

Once I had my head clear of my own distractions, he and I traded plans for the photos on her along with this narrative on her, the details he no doubt would have gotten better. Delivering those plans in person I got to see her, my first encounter with her.

Charlie had sent me pictures of her in good times and in her current appearance, so I was not shocked to see her at just over 30 years of age. What I did focus on was her lovely shape, wooded as does happen periodically in any conventionally built wooden hull's life, her features of that strong construction with all those bronze screws freed of their bungs peering out of their recesses in that planking, a sight simply reflecting Charlie's and Phil's sober priorities, rendered in black locust and bronze and still exuding the hope she would get back afloat again. And why not?

Yes, the tarp covering the spars had quietly aged out, killing the mast, leaving just its hardware to save but leaving the yard and boom still in reasonable condition next to it. And a really good thing that Phil, Charlie and builder Vokey had used that sober pragmatic epoxied and fiberglassed plywood deck approach which had stayed tight across those too many seasons, thus protecting her bones from the ravages of sneaky fresh water.

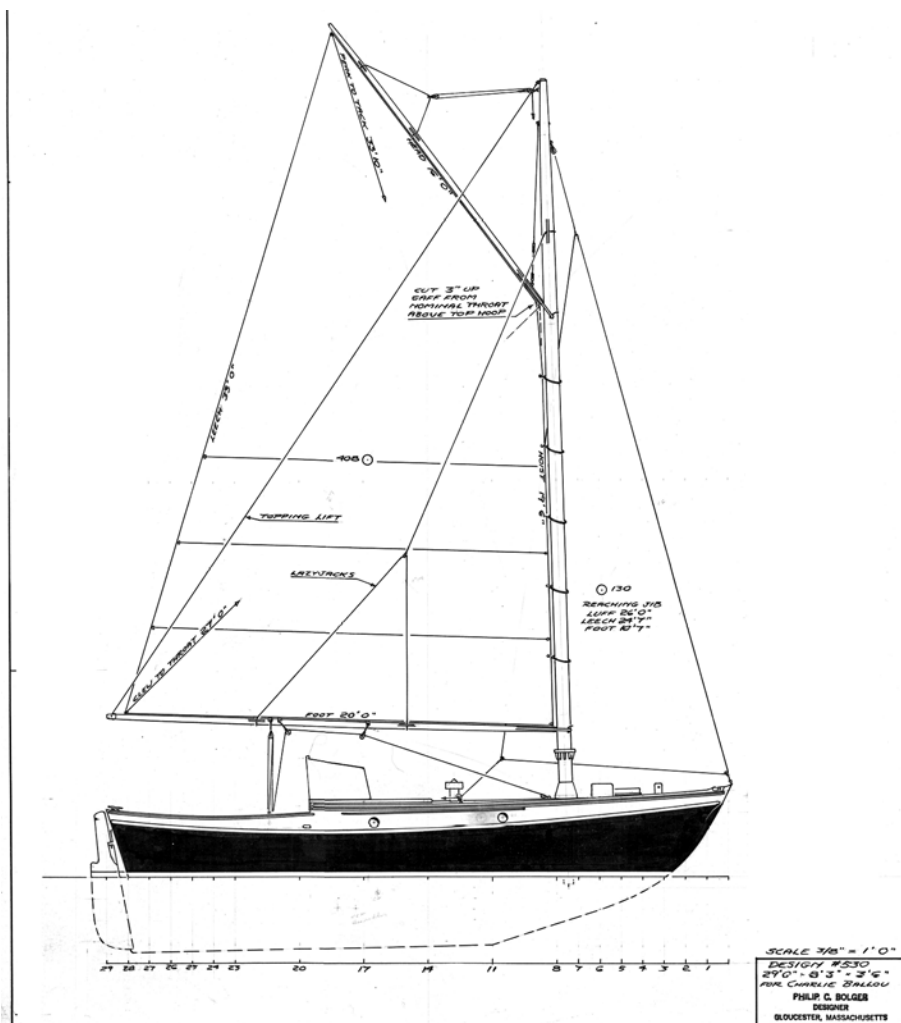
Her plain whitewashed interior still convinces in its simple functionality, the loose wide open arrangements with a few inviting bunk cushions, the little Volvo Diesel in plain sight behind the companionway ladder, dry indeed and still turning over with that hand crank, the plain but solid framing and bracing right there to see and take comfort in. And yes, bronze to see here and there inside as well, just obviously not shiny anymore like in those pictures from her construction so long ago and far away. Dull greenish now, but still strong.

Charlie had come to face the inevitable, had put her up for sale "as is" and soon after my visit and a lot of pictures she was due to ride the road once more, not too far, this time on to an island off Cape Cod. Her new owner appears energized, apparently seeing what had struck me at first sight and plans to get youngsters involved in replacing a plank or two way up towards the deck edge where the tarp contact had let water and heat torture the wood just too much, then dealing with those open seams and either finding a close enough match for that mast or just pursuing

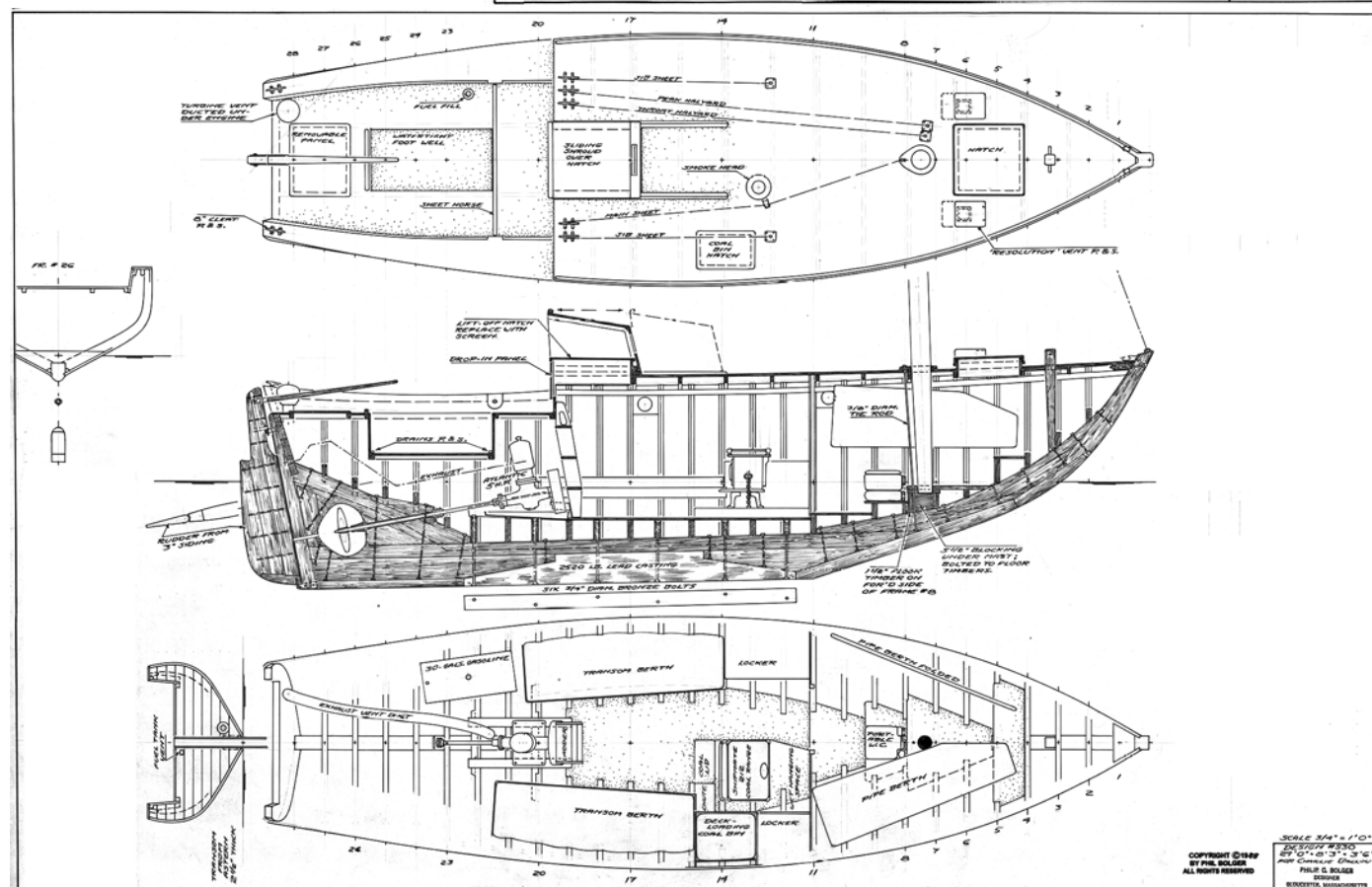
With some luck (we all need luck, as Phil would emphasize periodically) we might at long last see her using the wind to best advantage since that sizable sail, that single catboat gaff sail, was securely tucked away in its bag aboard when I saw her, had never seen much sunlight to age it and may yet show what she'll do under sail. She sure would strike a very dramatic pose amongst the typical Cape Cod Catboats unless they gather beaching.

Another design discussion in the next issue.

1. Her sailplan once more for guidance.



2. Her general arrangement drawing with interior and deck layout.





3. *Newfoundlander* in her winter berth downeast in Maine.



4. *Newfoundlander* with her mast completed and finally stepped and the mast hoops not forgotten, even sail ready to be laid out on the marine railway at Badger Island Marina, Kittery, Maine.

5. In another winter berth.



6. First encounter head on this early spring.



7. Broadside, wooded, greyish, caulking dangling but mostly all there.



8. Her port quarters still elegant.

9. The rudder unshipped to relieve the transom structure.



10. Her nicely sculpted aperture and stern-post abaft it for good flow to the rudder.



11. The raised deck break with rainwater damage where the tightly fitted tarp likely trapped moisture while the sun baked the plank, that molding and the toe rail. However, since all screwed on, and of local black locust, perhaps not dramatic to replace.

12. Her backbone on Charlie's lead keel casting.





13. The forward end of her underbody from the port bow. Likely a fishing boat working in ice reflex how that keel leading edge was left square, while the bow further up was sharpened and the flow around the propeller in particular so elaborately smoothed all around.



14. Raised deck details in stainless stanchion weldments, bronze cleats, another rotten toe-rail and that still tight epoxy and fiberglassed plywood decking with two box vents outside the bow hatch for waterproof ventilation positionable in four directions just like on Phil's *Resolution*.

15. Bow hatch aft hinged to pump air into her at anchor and with folks resting below, and of course to deploy ground tackle and readily reach for her bow cleats.



16. Surviving gaff and boom.



17. Below her plain clean foreship interior and her sail in that bag way forward.



18. Deck beams and deck undersurface still looking fresh after 31 years.

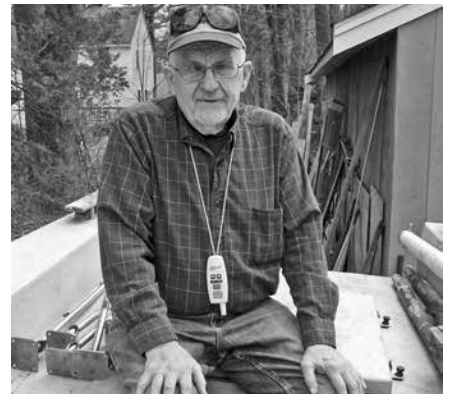
19. The raised deck structure belowdecks, never painted and thus always showing the shape of that structure, here with one or two episodes of water getting in, but then no more.



20. That single cylinder hand starting Volvo Diesel still turning over nicely, eager to get going right behind the companionway ladder just hung and stepped for good footing and easy removal.



21. Her lazarette hatch removed with one of her bilge pumps below.



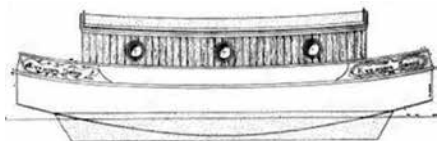
22. Charlie Ballou in her cockpit the day before her departure once again by truck.

23. *Newfoundlander* still sound, in need of some repairs, another good sanding, a TSP rinse perhaps to get any algae growth out of her grain, bunging those bronze screw holes, caulk those many feet of planking seams, then primer and finally paint again, her second coat since 1989. And of course a new mast and mast hoops to finally get her to sail.



Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc.
Boat Design Since 1952
66 Atlantic St., PO Box 1209
Gloucester, MA 01930 USA
Fax 978-282-1349
philbolger@comcast.net

It all began with an article about a little tugboat that I could build if I lived long enough, printed in a long defunct cult rag known as *Small Boat Journal*. The author was trying to sell plans to this boat and tossed in a sketch of an accommodation barge that was supposed to follow along down some deserted (likely apocryphal, even then) stretch of the ICW. But it was just the most awesome concept and I know I'm not the only one who got snared in this flight of fancy. So, for the better part of my adult life I've been harboring notions of building a tugboat and accommodation barge and just heading out to find that deserted patch of water.



I figured I'd find somebody, maybe several somebodies, to share this flight of fancy with. I figured this was a way to find community, not solitude. More and more, every season, even more boating has become a pretty solitudinous activity. There ain't 10% of the number of hulls plying our inland waters as there were back when I was a boy. Some would postulate that folks just have more options and complications for their time nowadays. Mebbe so. Mostly I'd say that it's more a matter of avoiding discomfort and, at my own advanced age and ambient pain levels, I can somewhat understand that. Somewhat anyhow.

I keep thinking that one of the reasons folks demur on the majority of waterborne expeditions that I propose is that they figure it could get cold or wet or tippy or whatever.

An Idea Ahead of Its Time?

By Dan Rogers

If they were to commit to coming along on adventures not quite during the twain of solstices, it's not gonna be perfect weather and they didn't spend their off seasons building roof boats with heaters and windows and stuff like that.

I figured that if I built the roof boat then mebbe somebody would just show up with a seabag and join in the adventure. I was gonna even offer 'em their very own "club car" to ride around in or a floating community center to raft up against and cook or crash in or just sit around and tell stories in. Not a completely novel idea, one that I might have told you about already.

It all went back to that notion of a small tugboat with a small barge following obediently along behind. I did create a few of 'em along the way. I started pretty small, real damn small and not likely where anybody else might have started. It's the nature of the beast. Yeah, I know, I've already shown you this picture but hang on, there's more.



I messed around with a little bigger tuglet. Little *Shenanigan* even had a 25 horse motor at one point. She actually could tow

something unless I was in a sidewind trying to dock at a busy launch ramp with that barge crashing around alongside. So I figured maybe a bigger tuglet might do the trick.



Roughneck really looked promising for a while until the weight and moment specs revealed the reality. Yeah, she was kinda tippy and when I ballasted her down then the motor was kinda close to the water and that tophammer was way too much for that shallow displacement hull.



I tried a tug with more in the water and a real rudder and motor in a well. I was on to something so I brought up the accommodation barge idea again. That got a murmur of approbation so I went ahead and built one.



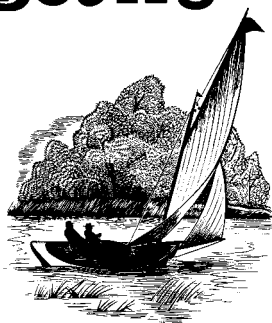
There were some obvious logistic conundra, like how might I get both of these boats to the water at the same time?

But hey, since when does practicality get in the way of a really cool idea? Anyway I found other fish to fry, different ways of doing things around the Frankenwerke in succeeding off seasons.

But, ya know what, that notion still sorta festers.



messing
about in
BOATS



Messing About in Boats Subscription Order Form

Name _____

Mail Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail Orders

12 Months – \$40 (Payable by Check)

to: Messing About in Boats

29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984-1943

3 Months Trial Subscription – \$10

Mail Order Only

Internet Orders

12 Months – \$44 (Payable by Credit Card)

To: www.duckworksbs.com/media/maib

No Telephone Orders Accepted



NEW SLIPS AVAILABLE!

The most stable floating docks around

Dockage, Bait, Tackle, Ice, Repairs, Fuel,
Mooring, Launch Ramp, Boat Storage,
Store, Fish Cleaning Station

info: 860-535-0077 www.dons-dock.com
228 North Water Street, Stonington, CT



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

How many flashlights do you have on your boat? Are they charged and accessible if things go dark? I had these questions brought home to me when the alternator failed to keep the battery charged and we were coming up the St Marks River in the dark. The engine started to die when I switched on the handheld spotlight to check for a channel marker. I made the mistake of shutting down the engine hoping to sail back to St Marks, but the wind died and the engine would not restart. Without a flashlight to look into the engine compartment and check things out, and no CB radio to call for help, we spent the night anchored outside the channel. With daylight and an incoming tide I was able to see the channel markers to sail the boat back up the channel and to our pier. If I'd had a flashlight I might have been able to figure out the problem and been home earlier.

Once we were safely tied up, I started looking into what had gone wrong. The belt for the alternator was tight and the wiring showed no problems and the connections to it were tight, but I found a loose connection to the starter solenoid and there was obviously not enough left in the battery to bridge the connection to the starter solenoid. Using a car battery for a jump, I got the engine started. The ammeter showed no charging with the engine at idle but it did start charging as I increased the engine speed. Since I had been idling up the river in the dark, the alternator had not been charging and neither the oil pressure gauge nor the ammeter interior lights were working. I took the alternator off to a repair shop and after testing I was informed that, in its current condition, it needed 1,500rpm or greater to charge. With a repaired alternator and replacement instrument panel light bulbs we were back in business.

Another time, we were the race committee boat for an offshore race. The wind died and the boats did not start finishing until about sunset. This time I had a flashlight but found that the batteries were weak and it did not last very long as we tried to take the finish times of the participating boats. We improvised to record the finish times and thereafter I checked the batteries in both flashlights before we went out on the water.

Storm/rain bands associated with a hurricane reach out quite a distance from the center of the disturbance. One of the bands from Hurricane Dennis pushed the water into Apalachee Bay even though the storm was miles west of us. The hurricane stalled a bit and the band stayed put. The Apalachee Bay area went underwater in about 30 minutes once the water started to rise. In the end, about 12' above normal high tide flooded the area. A lot of vehicles, boats, floats and one story structures were damaged or destroyed.

Hurricane Michael came ashore and one wind band came over Tallahassee resulting in loss of electrical, phone, cable lines and structural damage as the trees came down. In both cases the landfall was quite a way west of us but we were hit by the outer bands.

Being out of the landfall area does not mean you will be out of danger.

According to available information, Norway is building a bridge with underwater pontoons as the foundation for the bridge structure in deep water. The pontoons are anchored to the bottom and the bridge will be built on top of the pontoons. This concept came to my attention in an article in the March issue of *Science Focus* (p 18) about the idea of building such a bridge between Scotland and Northern Ireland. The Norwegians and British are also considering a submerged floating tunnel instead. Stay tuned for further developments.

How does your boat's engine throttle work? Have you looked at it when checking over the engine? In some cases (especially older engines), the throttle has a spring that pulls back the lever that controls the fuel flow. Others have a direct connection (push/pull assembly) between the control and the lever. In the latter case, if the connections are tight, all is probably OK. In the former case, the spring is the key to decreasing the engine speed. One time the engine in my vehicle did not slow down when the pedal was eased off. Being a nice old stick shift, the clutch was put in and the engine turned off. After putting the transmission in neutral, the vehicle was guided to the side of the road. Looking under the hood we found that the spring had broken and was no longer doing its part to throttle back the engine. A makeshift spring was devised and the vehicle was gently driven to the next service station where a suitable spring was found in the mechanic's "junk" collection and we were on our way.

Most of you have galvanized cleats for your boat's mooring lines, whether they be on a float or a pier. Often these need replacement and the new always cost more than the old. Unless you are concerned about aesthetics, why the galvanized cleats? Some 40 years ago I had a float built for mooring my boat. The person responsible for the construction asked me if I wanted to purchase galvanized cleats. The alternate was to build the cleats out of 2"x4" pressure treated lumber. I decided to go with the wood cleats and they are still doing their job. A 14" piece of 2"x4" was rounded at the ends to make the horn and a second piece of 2"x", 7" long with rounded ends, made the base. Two $\frac{3}{8}$ " galvanized bolts (with washers) were inserted through holes (about 6" from each end) through the horn and base and then secured with washers and nuts under the 2"x8" decking. The boat stayed in place through summer squall lines, hurricane winds/surge and the like. It may not be "pretty" but it works.

The May/June issue of *WoodenBoat* had an article by Nigel Sharp on the Sunbeam (a class sailboat in England). One of the interesting items on the boat was the "kitty gear" for booming out the foresail when sailing off the wind. It sounds like a spinnaker pole for the foresail. For a complete description and some pictures, find a copy of the publication and turn to page 38 and start reading.



Simply Messing About In Boats Shirts & Tote Bags

Featuring Ratty's Beloved Quote
from *The Wind in the Willows*

See our classified ad for
additional information

www.messingabout.com

Building Skin-on-Frame Double Paddle Canoes



HILARY RUSSELL

Valuable for building any skin-on-frame canoe, kayak, or rowboat. The unique chapter on using willow for ribs connects ancient techniques with modern materials and design.

"inspiring...very clear and concise...elegant simplicity..."

— Iain Oughtred

"...a logical progression...a good bibliography...and a list of sources."

— Nim Marsh, *Points East*

"...graceful and beautiful craft."

— Matt Murphy, Editor, *WoodenBoat*

"Hilary Russell...has demonstrated...how to build a vessel that combines beauty and practicality to a degree rarely achieved."

— George Dyson, Author of *Baidarka*

To Order
visit **RUSSELL BOATS** at
berkshireboatbuildingschool.org
plus plans, parts and more

Pert Lowell, Co., Inc.

**Custom
Small
Boats**



Builders of the famous Town Class sloop in wood or fiberglass as well as other custom traditional wooden boats since 1934.

Mast Hoops

Mast Hoop Fasteners - Sail Hanks - Parrel Beads - Wood Cleats - Wood Shell Blocks - Deadeyes - Bullseyes - Custom Bronze Hardware

Pert Lowell Co., Inc.
Lanes End, Newbury, MA 01950
(978) 462-7409



Builders & Restorers



Wooden Boats Built to Order

Row, Power, or Sail - Phil Bolger Designs
Bare Hulls, Complete Boats
Lumber Yard Skiff Plans,
Shoal Draft Our Specialty
Check Out My Website

www.oldwharf.com

Or Give Me a Call at (508) 349 2383

Walter Baron, Boatbuilder

170 Old Chequessett Neck Rd, Wellfleet, MA 02667



Custom Built Catboats

Sail & Canvas Loft

*Wood & Fiberglass
Restorations & Repairs*

Brokerage Boat Sales

Visit our website for more info
& photos!

(508) 255-0994

AreysPondBoatYard.com

Boatbuilders

20 ft. Celebrity Class Sloop



Southport Island Marine
207-633-6009

www.southportislandmarine.com

Boatbuilders



Southport Island Marine
207-633-6009

C. Stickney Boatbuilders Ltd.

15 Wiley's Corner Rd. St. George, ME 04860
207-372-8543

**Custom Wooden Boat
Building & Restoration**



10/6" Yacht Tender Elegant

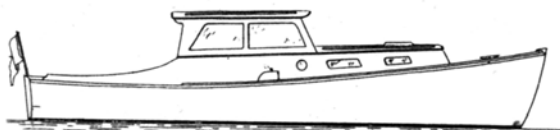
E-mail woodboats@msn.com

Blog

<http://blackguillemot.wordpress.com/>

Hadden Boat Company

Wooden Boat Construction & Repair



Launched September 2012

36' Vinnie Cavanaugh Replica

11 Tibbets Ln., Georgetown, ME 04548
(207) 371-2662

ARCH DAVIS DESIGN



Call or email
Arch Davis at 207-930-9873
archhdavis@gmail.com
37 Doak Rd. Belfast, ME 04915
www.archdavisdesigns.com

*Penobscot 13' sailing
and rowing skiff,
little sister to the
well known
Penobscot 14.
Glued lapstrake
construction.
12'9"x4'3".
120 pounds.
Rowing version
\$4,450.00.
Sailing rigs available.*

607-286-7099 **SHOP** **607-643-8492** **CELL**

TOM KRIEG'S
BOAT SHOP

PO BOX 1007
COOPERSTOWN, NEW YORK 13326

Hansen & Company
Builders of Practical & Impractical
Boats

Gloucester Gull Dories & Other Small Boats
www.hansenandcompany.blogspot.com
Dennis Hansen 207-594-8073
P.O. Box 122 dgehanen@myfairpoint.net
Spruce Head, ME 04859

YOUR AD HERE
\$6 / ISSUE
maib.office@gmail.com

Plans & Kits

300 Boats You Can Build!

Full size patterns and detailed instructions enable anyone to build their dream boat!

- Epoxy and fiberglass supplies
- Underwater & deck hardware
- Silicon Bronze nails & screws
- Books, DVD's and much more!
- Online catalog - Sail/Power/Row 6-55 ft



Send \$9.95 for hard-copy catalog with free dinghy plans

Glen-L Marine - 562-630-6258
232 Avenida Fabricante #105/MA
San Clemente, CA 92672



Zip

14' Zip Runabout
Wood Parts Kit
NOW AVAILABLE!

Glen-L 14



Gentry Custom Boats Plans and Kits



Unique, Ultralight, Inexpensive
and Easy to Build Sailboats,
Rowboats, Kayaks, Canoes
and more.

GentryCustomBoats.com

Robb White & Sons Sport Boat

Handy, pretty, proven 16'x43" strip planked skiff will plane two adults with 4hp. Full size mold patterns, complete instructions. \$75 Photos & specs at www.robwhite.com.

Robb White & Sons
P.O. Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799



WESTON FARMER

BUILDING PLANS & ARTICLE REPRINTS

BUILD A WESTON FARMER CLASSIC DESIGN. 15 plans available for the amateur boatbuilder from 10' launch IRREDUCIBLE to famous 32' blue-water ketch TAHITIANA. Send \$2 for catalog defining specs, plans, contents, prices, etc.

READ & ENJOY A WESTON FARMER BOAT STORY. We have 20 article reprints on small boat designs written through the years by E. Weston Farmer, N.A., considered by many to have been one of the outstanding marine writers of all time. Delightful reading for only \$1 per page. All articles include line drawings, offsets, etc. that you can use. Send \$2 for catalog listing.

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES
7034-D Hwy. 291, Tum Tum, WA 99034

TOTO



13' x 30" DOUBLE PADDLE CANOE
TAPED SEAM PLYWOOD
NO JIGS - NO LOFTING
\$15 PLANS

\$1 INFO ON 18 BOATS
JIM MICHALAK

1024 Merrill St, Lebanon, IL 62254

CONRAD NATZIO BOATBUILDER



*A range of small
craft plans for
very easy home
building in
plywood*

For details, visit the website:
<http://conradnatzio.firetrench.com>

or contact:
CONRAD NATZIO BOATBUILDER

15 Lanyard Pl
Woodbridge, Suffolk
IP12 1FE
United Kingdom
Tel +44 1394 383491
c.natzio@btinternet.com



Do You Have Plans or Kits For Sale?
This Advertising Space Has Become Available
\$30 per Issue

Contact Bob Hicks at maib.office@gmail.com

**SEAWORTHY
SMALL SHIPS**

WOODEN POND MODEL KITS



MODELS THAT REALLY SAIL

Rubber Band & Sail Powered Kits
Pre-Shaped & Drilled Parts
Brass, Copper & Stainless Hardware

Great Fun in Pool, Pond, or Sea • Order Yours Today

Order #800-533-9030 (U.S.) VISA/MC accepted
Other Kits & Plans Available, catalog \$1.00

SEAWORTHY SMALL SHIPS
Dept. M, PO Box 2863
Prince Frederick, MD 20678-2863

Visit our Home Page at
<http://www.seaworthysmallships.com>

BUFFLEHEAD

15.5'x33" plans
for experienced builders

**HUGH HORTON
SMALL BOATS**

SOLID COMFORT BOATS
8471 SW CR 347
Cedar Key, FL 32625
huhorton@gmail.com

21st century cruising sailing canoe for savvy sailors



It's Not Just Art, It's a Craft!

Unique Wood-Strip
Performance, Sea Kayaks

**Kits, Plans &
Finished Boats**

Send \$3 for a catalog to:
Nick Schade
Guillemot Kayaks
54 South Rd.
Groton, CT 06340-4624
ph: 860-659-8847

<http://www.KayakPlans.com/m>



H.H. PAYSON & COMPANY

Plans * Patterns * Articles * Books
Instant Boat Series * Downeast Dorries
Model Building

Visit our website www.instantboats.com
Call, write or email for information or
help with your project

H.H. Payson & Company
P.O. Box 122

Spruce Head, ME 04859

**Going Forward in the Spirit and
Tradition of Dynamite Payson
Just Do It!**

Dennis Hansen, Boatbuilder
(207) 594-7587

ATLANTIC WHITE CEDAR

Boat grade rough sawn flitches in stock.
Most are 16' long 4/4 to 8/4 thick.

New supply ready to ship.
Call or write for info.

J.D. ENGLAND CO.
1780 Remlik Dr., Urbanna, VA 23175
(804) 758-2721

**TRADITIONAL
MARINE STOVES**



CAST IRON
PORCELAIN ENAMELED
WOOD BURNING
HEATING & COOKING
COMPACT

**NAVIGATOR
STOVES**
409 Double Hill Rd.
East Sound, WA 98245
(360) 376-5161

Supplies

**Drawing and
Notecards of
Your Boat**

A pencil drawing of
your boat, suitable for
framing, and 50
notecards with the
drawing. Makes a
great gift! - \$150

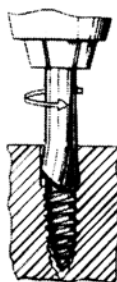
Scott Baldwin
Box 884 Killingworth
Connecticut 06419



See web page: www.baldwinstudio.us

**UNSCREW-UMS™
broken-screw
extractors**

Remove damaged
fastenings. Minimal
damage to wood.
Hollow tool uses
stub as guide. Sizes
to remove screws from No. 2
to No. 24, lags, nails, and drifts.



T&L TOOLS

24 Vinegar Hill Rd., Gales Ferry, CT 06335
Phone: 860-464-9485 • Fax: 860-464-9709
unscrew-ums@tltools.com
www.tltools.com

Atlantic White Cedar

Custom cut to your specifications from our own
logs which we bring up from Florida. Lengths up
to 24'.

Cypress and other species available upon request.

Woodcraft Productions Ltd.

P.O. Box 17307
Smithfield, RI 02917-0704
Tel (401) 232-2372 • Fax (401) 232-1029



Sail for a Canoe

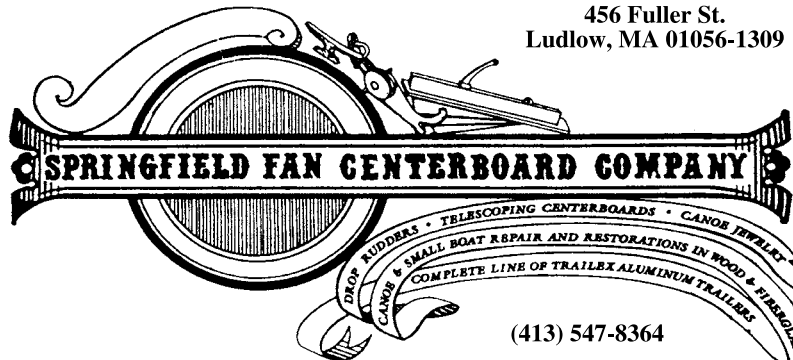
Excellent quality and design

National Sailing Committee
American Canoe Association
<http://canusail.org>

Free rig plans
Newsletter: *Canoe Sailor* \$ 6
E-mail: canusailor@yahoo.com

Pay to: C. Sutherland
Send to:
Chuck Sutherland
2210 Finland Rd.
Green Lane, PA 18054

456 Fuller St.
Ludlow, MA 01056-1309



SPRINGFIELD FAN CENTERBOARD COMPANY

TELESCOPING CENTERBOARDS • CANOE JEWELRY
CANOE & SMALL BOAT REPAIR AND RESTORATIONS IN WOOD & FIBERGLASS
COMPLETE LINE OF TRAILER ALUMINUM TRAILERS

(413) 547-8364



Small Craft
Sails
by
Sew Tec

Any Sail , Traditional to High Tech ,
to 100 sq. ft.
Re-cuts , Repairs & Custom Canvas Work
In business since 1990 - sewtec.us
sewtec@hughes.net - 850-773-7929

GAMBELL & HUNTER
SAILMAKERS

Sails
and
Rigging



16 Limerock St., Camden, ME 04843
(207) 236-3561
www.gambellandhunter.net

MERTON'S
FIBERGLASS AND
MARINE SUPPLY

- Complete hand lay-up fiberglass supplies for light & heavy fiberglass or wood boat repair & construction
- Polyester, Epoxy, Vinylster Marine Grade Resins
- Marine Topside Enamels & Antifouling Bottom Paint
- Silicon Bronze & Stainless Steel Fasteners


Quality Brand Name Products
Competitive Pricing
All items in stock for immediate shipment

Online catalog
www.mertons.com
call 800-333-0314
P.O. Box 399
East Longmeadow,
MA 01028

**Supplying Quality Products
To Boat Owners,
Hull Finishers & Boatyards
for over 20 years.**

800-333-0314

DUCKWORKS
BOAT BUILDERS SUPPLY



- plans
- hardware
- custom sails
- epoxy/supplies
- sailmaking supplies
- tools and MORE

low prices, fast service
www.duckworksbbbs.com



RAKA EPOXY & FIBERGLASS

We have several types of epoxy resins with different mix ratios for coating, gluing, and composite construction. Our large fiberglass inventory includes many weights of standard woven materials as well as a good selection of biaxials and triaxials. Carbon and kevlar fabrics are also available. We offer the lowest prices and same day UPS shipping. Our normal store hours are from 9am to 5pm Monday to Friday. Write or call us or see our internet site for complete info and prices.

RAKA Marine
3490 Oleander Ave., Ft. Pierce, FL 34982-6571
Ph. (772) 489-4070 — Fax (772) 461-2070
www.raka.com

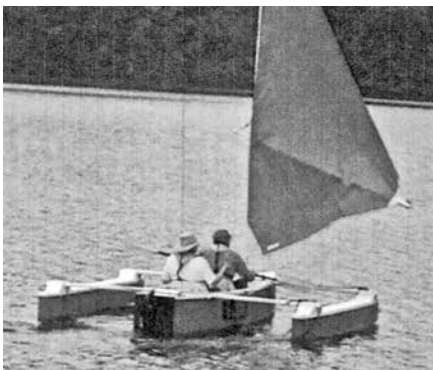
HANDMADE SEAMANS KNIVES
207-882-9820



CUSTOM DESIGNS
MUDD SHARRIGAN
WISCASSET, ME 04578

CLASSIFIED MARKETPLACE

BOATS FOR SALE



Trifoam 16 Trimaran, recently completed trimaran for sale at about cost of materials due to life circumstances (at 86 I can no longer launch & retrieve). Build featured in both *Duckworks* & *MAIB* (9/18, 11/18, 2/19, 5/19, 8/19). Main hull 16'x28" w/comfortable seating for 2, waterproof hatches fore & aft. 12' outriggers slide from 6' wide for storage & transport to 10' for sailing. Construction is structural foam heavily reinforced w/wood at stress points, covered w/cotton duck canvas painted w/best waterproof acrylic paint available. 60sf sail from Dave Gray at Polysails Int'l. Wooden mast & sprit boom easily controllable from cockpit. Trlr suitable for hwy travel w/12" wheels & mounted spare in gd cond, new wiring & taillights, winch & nose wheel jack. Suitable for use in lakes and protected bays. Vly light weight estimated at under 200lbs, easily towed by small car like our Subaru Crosstrek. Located Sweetwater, TN 25 miles below Knoxville off I-75. \$1,800 obro.
JIM BROWN, Sweetwater, TN, (423) 453-7129, www.whitedove0215@yahoo.com. (7)

RAM ISLAND PEAPOD



13'6"x52" Handlaid Fiberglass Hull
Traditional Performing Downeast Peapod
Designed for Stability
& Ease of Handling
in Lumpy Seas & Currents

BAY of MAINE BOATS

PO Box D
Kennebunkport, ME 04046-1693
boats@bayofmaineboats.com

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION

Classified ads are FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at 25¢ per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly.

Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to maib.office@gmail.com. No telephone ads please.



Grumman Sport Boat Improvement, adapted from design by Robb White, constructed by Henry Champagny in '05. 15' long w/transom for small ob (not incl). Beautiful boat always stored out of the elements, in exc cond. Easily lifted by 2 adults. Asking \$2,500. Please email me at: Lchampagny@yahoo.com (8)

Swampscott Sailing Dory, Crawford built 17'6" fg sprit-sail rig w/rudder, tiller, 5hp Tohatsu o/b, oars, trlr, etc. \$3,000 obo.

JOHN SULLIVAN, Braintree, MA, Choggie@beld.net (8)



16'5" Swampscott Dory, built by Rockport Apprentice Shop in '85. Compl w/trlr, main & jib, oars, all lines & fittings, canvas cover. Well maintained, single owner, documented provenance, stored indoors in Sandwich, NH. Professional estate appraisal: \$3600. Reasonable offers invited. Trlr not registered, otherwise, ready to trailer & ready to sail. Inquiries & additional photos at harding@plymouth.edu.

NED HARDING, Sandwich, NH (7)



Custom 19' GLEN-L "Sweet Caroline", epoxy fiberglass over plywood, 40hp Yamaha 2-stroke, 23gal. premix fuel, launched '01, incl trlr, porta potti, 2 anchors, fishfinder. 30mph or just troll. Exc for bay fishing/camping. Two trips to Cedar Key event. \$2,000. Located Panama City, FL. More photos: <https://tinyurl.com/FLBoatForSale>
DON HODGES, Panama City, FL, (850) 866-1032, text or phone for email address. (7)

GEAR FOR SALE

There is nothing—absolutely nothing—
half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

Famous Quotation & Illustration from The Wind in the Willows

Join us in expressing Ratty's sentiment to the world. Tee Shirts, Long Sleeve Tees, Sweatshirts, and Tote Bags. Order on-line or by mail. Visit www.messingabout.com for more info or to print an order form.

THE DESIGN WORKS, 9101 Eton Rd, Silver Spring, MD 20901 (301) 589-9391 (voice mail only)

GEAR WANTED

VOARTEX Drop-in Rowing Rig, made by Wildderness Rowing Concepts Inc. as advertised in this magazine 20 years ago. Any condition considered. PETER JEPSON, Belleville, ON, (613) 922-5144, jepjeppe@gmail.com (7)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

IMAGINE THE PRIDE YOU'LL FEEL on the water in a boat built with your own two hands. Send \$9.95 for *Book of Boat Designs* describing 300 boats you can build.

GLEN-L, 232 Avenida Fabricante, #105MA, San Clemente, CA 92673, (888) 700-5007, www.Glen-L.com/MA (online catalog). TF

Maine Day Sails & Camp Cruising

	Day	Week
15' Micro Yawl	\$95	\$400
22' S&S Weekender	\$125	\$525
30' Aleutka Cutter	\$175	\$750

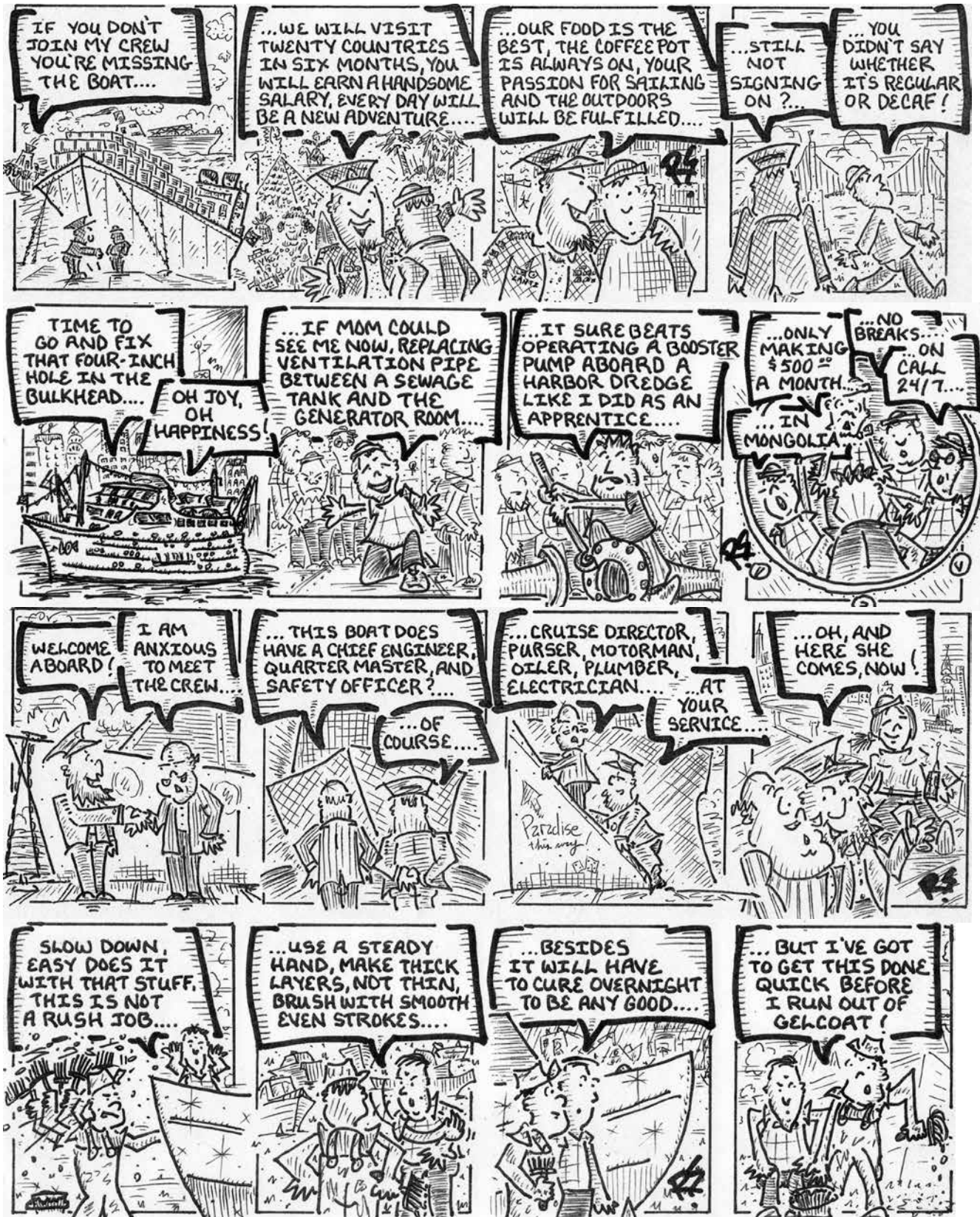
~Simple & Spartan Sailing~
4master@downeastwindjammer.com
207-546-2927 Bar Harbor, Maine



Shiver Me Timbers

By: Robert L. Summers

Working about in boats...



messing about in **BOATS**

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

POSTMASTER: CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

720

**PRSR STD
US POSTAGE PAID**

PERMIT

ADIRONDACK GUIDE-BOAT

www.adirondack-guide-boat.com

6821 Rt 7, N Ferrisburgh VT 05473

(802) 425-3926

guideboat@agbboats.com

Here's a special deal for the right person. We built this blue 15' guideboat as a class project and just bought it back from the student who won it in the raffle. It's got some wear and some years on it but it's completely intact and ready to go into the water.....or into your workshop, if you'd like to spiff it up first.

A color version of this photo is available on our website. If you go to our homepage and then scroll down... in green there is a tab for **CURRENT INVENTORY** It is the second wood boat there. \$6500, including oars and a new set of seats.

This boat if new would be \$16,700. And as a kit it would be \$4,300.

As a bizarre corona-virus note....as of this moment we are sold out of our Kevlar/glass boats. Same thing happened after 9/11. Sales went up.

Be well. Take care.

